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CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE	537-540
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
An Item from the Bishops' Program—The New Medical Mission Movement—The Hope of Supra-Nationalism—The End of Sorrow—The Stigmata of Lucca	541-548
COMMUNICATIONS	548-549
EDITORIALS	
The Light of Easter Morn—The Caesaristic Smith-Towner Bill—Is It Reform?—Reading the "Great Books"	550-551
LITERATURE	
Jean Baptiste Massillon—Ballade of Easter Bells—Reviews—Books and Authors—Books Received	551-556
SOCIOLOGY	
Fighting Socialism in Spain.....	557-558
EDUCATION	
Why the Parish School?.....	558-559
NOTE AND COMMENT	559-560

Chronicle

England.—On March 16, the trade agreement under which commercial relations will be resumed by Great Britain and Russia, was signed in London by representatives of the Governments of the two countries. The agreement is essentially the same as the draft drawn in Moscow, in January, by Leonid Krassin, Soviet Minister of Trade and Commerce. Its most important articles are as follows: Each party agrees to refrain from hostile action or propaganda outside its borders against the other's institutions, or from giving assistance or encouragement to any propaganda outside its own borders. In particular, the Soviet Government agrees to refrain from any encouragement of Asiatic peoples to action against British interests, especially in Asia Minor, Persia, Afghanistan and India. British subjects in Russia, and Russians in Great Britain may, if they so desire, return to their homes. Each party engages not to impose any form of blockade against the other. Ships in each other's harbors shall receive the treatment usually accorded foreign merchant ships by commercial nations. The agreement provides for the clearance of mines from the Baltic and the approaches to Russia and the ex-

Trade Treaty with Russia

change of information concerning mines; for the admission to both countries of persons appointed to carry out the agreement, with the right to restrict them to specified areas. A renewal of telegraphic and postal facilities will be arranged. With regard to the seizure of Russian gold exported from Russia as payment of imports, the British Government does not concede the Soviet claim that such gold should not be regarded as immune from seizure to pay British claims. The agreement leaves this to be settled by ordinary court procedure.

The agreement did not meet with entire approval from the English press. Some journals welcome it as a sign of hope for the future rather than as a beneficial policy for the present. *The Morning Post*, the organ of British Conservatism, points to the fact that the trade agreement just negotiated will inevitably lead to the recognition of the Soviet Government, and blames the Ministry for establishing relations with a Government "which is blackened with every crime and the agents of which are actively plotting the destruction of every civilized State." The news of the trade agreement with Soviet Russia made an unfavorable impression in France, where both Government and people are convinced that the Government of Lenine and Trotzky is not to be trusted and should receive no recognition of any kind.

Ireland.—The British Government is still devastating Ireland in a manner that is shocking the civilized world. On Tuesday, March 15, six unfortunate men were hanged in Mountjoy prison, after condemnation by a court-martial comprised of British soldiers. The details of the charge and of the trial are unknown, not so the manner in which the patriotic men met death. They died like heroes. In the early morning great crowds gathered at the prison gates: immediately statues and lighted candles were set on the walls and the multitude recited the Rosary and the Litany of the Saints.

A Reign of Terror

At seven o'clock a. m. the gates were thrown open and the crowds surged to the prison door. A picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor was fastened to the door, candles were lit, crucifixes were raised aloft and thousands of voices sent prayers surging to heaven. Some one climbed a nearby tree and lifted a crucifix on high so that the doomed men might see the Sign of Salvation: the throng rose and sang "Faith of Our Fathers" and "Hail, Queen of Heaven." And soon all was over; the blood of six more men was on the heads of Lloyd George and of Greenwood.

The spirit of the murdered men and of their relatives was splendid. Thomas Whelan, one of the victims, sent the following message to his friends: "Give the boys my love. Tell them to follow on and never surrender. Tell them I am proud to die for Ireland." When the boy's name was posted to announce that the execution had been carried out, his mother asked that the sign be taken down that she might kiss the name of her son. On the day previous to his death the boy had said to her:

Mother, if you were as happy as I am you would not worry very much. It is well known that I am innocent and had no knowledge, hand, act or part in the tragedies [shootings of officers in Dublin]. I am reconciled to my fate and am prepared to meet my God.

The wife and mother of another victim, Doyle by name, were in the crowd outside the prison. His mother's comment was: "I am proud to have reared him to die for Ireland." His wife left the body of her dead child to attend the execution of her husband. Such the Irish spirit. The night of the execution the British sent out their tenders to raid in Dublin, and London announced to the world that American gunmen were en route to England to murder Britons, in Ireland's name! Of course, the murder of the Mountjoy prisoners was the prelude of a bloody drama that is still going on. Reprisals and counter-reprisals are heavy.

The British public is apathetic. However, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have protested, and the *Westminster Gazette*, after asserting that two of the men "were executed for murder on evidence that has been widely criticized and the remaining four not for murder at all, but for treason," declared:

The lack of statesmanship and of insight into the movement of popular opinion in Ireland which the executions for this latter offense indicate is enough to make any one despair of any improvement in the Irish situation. It is useless to pretend that these men belong to a small gang of desperate criminals. Vast crowds are mourning them. Work in Dublin was to stop until 11 A. M. The Archbishop and Lord Mayor interceded for them. Their deaths are regarded by the mass of Irish as martyrdoms, and when executions become martyrdoms they cease to act as a deterrent.

If men are to be shot and hanged in Ireland for being rebels, then the mass of the young men in Ireland stand under potential sentence of death, and we are face to face with what may be a holocaust of executions. It is to be hoped that the Government, even at this late date, will stop to look ahead along the road it is treading and will see the necessity for differentiating between murders and activities which the Irish regard and which the Government itself constantly describes as definite acts of war.

Present conditions in Ireland are thus described by an English, Protestant lady, Miss Bradby, who has just returned from a six weeks' visit to the unfortunate country:

Their young men are being corrupted—the lads of spirit who, having a vision of freedom, will give their lives to make it true. Hunted, bullied, tortured and shot, one can see them any day in the market places, cuffed and kicked and ordered about, trotted around with their hands above their heads like fools, insulted and brow-beaten. Their dignity as men, their very lives, hang on the whim of any bully in the forces. Can you wonder at the

look of hatred in their eyes? They are being turned into cruel assassins, thirsting for revenge.

An order comes from the authorities and their homes are burned. Their neighbors give them shelter in already crowded cottages. The Christians of America send them food and clothing. Men, women and children are haunted day and night by the terror of what may happen; terror of drunken policemen, terror of passing lorries.

Miss Bradby speaks of the harrowing experience of Irish women who are at the mercy of the brutal English forces, and in enumerating the crimes of the soldiery mentions the murder of school children. She herself spent four days in prison for having on her person a copy of a letter she had written to an English Protestant bishop.

The *London Nation and Athenæum* is even more outspoken. Commenting on the Government's plans for pacifying Ireland, it says:

Here are a few incidents which show what kind of solution they offer us. In one camp two interned Irishmen are shot dead for the offence of talking to other prisoners; a military court pronounces this justifiable homicide. (It does not need much imagination to realize how such an incident would have been described in a report on the behavior of the Germans in the occupied territories.) In County Kerry a farmer was put to death for possessing a revolver; a follower of Sir Edward Carson, found guilty of precisely the same offence at the same time, is fined £2. A girl of 15 is tried by court-martial; two women over seventy, whose homes are burnt to the ground by Black-and-Tans, are sent to prison without any charge. In more than one town the whole male population is conscripted for the task of spying on sons and brothers; a piece of military tyranny which it would be difficult to match in the occupation of Belgium. In another a hundred men are marched out of the town and compelled to fill in trenches; the men are of all ages, and one dies under the strain. In another town thirty residents are removed from their homes and placed in a cage in the middle of the town and kept there for over an hour. Two men are killed in Dublin after being released from prison and provided with a military escort because it is past the hour of curfew; both are shot, one survives a few hours and makes a statement that the murderers are the soldiers of the escort. The Secretary of the Locomotivemen's Union has to threaten a strike because the Government allows its armed servants to shoot railwaymen in Ireland, as Mr. Bromley justly puts it, "as if they were dogs." For centuries it has been the rule to hold an inquest on dead men in England; in Ireland policemen kill workmen and after a secret and farcical inquiry, it is announced that these men were killed by persons unknown. We warn the Government that the English workman will rally passionately to a fight against this principle.

Now these are typical incidents; they are the kind of thing that happens every week.

Meantime Lloyd George is protesting a desire for peace, and de Valera retorts from his hiding-place that there will be no peace until Erin is free. He summed up the sentiment of the nation in these few words:

The Republicans of Ireland—that is, three-fourths of our people—realize that since death is inevitable, there is no way it can come so well as in the grand defense of the most sacred human rights.

Nicaragua.—The *Revista Catolica*, of El Paso, one of the best informed papers in the United States on the

affairs of Latin America, printed in full the inaugural discourse of the newly elected president of Nicaragua, Don Diego Manuel Chamorro. The splendid document deserved the extended space given to it by the El Paso journal. It outlines a program of economic, social and political reforms worthy of a great executive. In accordance with the Constitution of Nicaragua, President Chamorro pledged himself to maintain the principle of religious liberty guaranteed by its provisions. But, in keeping also with the formal terms of the same document, he promised his help and protection to the Catholic Church. He gave the following as his reasons for doing so:

The Catholic Church, to which practically the entire country belongs, and of which I have the happiness of being one of the humblest and most faithful members, will enjoy during my administration the full support and protection guaranteed by our Constitution, not only because the law so demands, but because being one of the strongest foundations of order and morality, I look upon it, in my deepest democratic convictions, as the true mother of modern civilization and the source of free institutions.

After the inauguration ceremonies, Señor Chamorro, accompanied by the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, the diplomatic corps, and the State functionaries of the highest rank, went to the Cathedral of Managua, where he had already in the morning received Holy Communion, to attend a solemn *Te Deum*. Later in the day he sent a telegram to his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, asking the Pope's blessing for Nicaragua and for himself. "A faithful son of the Church," said the new Nicaraguan executive, "I have fought all during my public life in defense of her rights and doctrines, and I hope that with the protection of Divine Providence I may now still further serve the religious destinies of the Catholic people which has entrusted its destinies to me." To these noble sentiments the President received from the Holy Father a gracious answer assuring him of his gratitude, and congratulating him on the high honors the country had bestowed upon him and imparting to him and the people of Nicaragua the Apostolic blessing.

This consoling news from Nicaragua is strengthened by similar reports from Guatemala City, Guatemala, where the influential paper *La Patria* conducted a vigorous campaign in favor of the inalienable rights of the clergy, and from Peru, where President Leguia made a vigorous stand against the divorce law. On the other hand, from Montevideo, Uruguay, it is reported that divorce is on the increase, and that its disastrous effects are becoming more and more evident in the growing demoralization of the home. The *Revista Catolica* of El Paso, quoting from *El Pueblo* of Buenos Aires and *El Bien* of Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, informs us that a divorce bill was introduced into the Paraguayan Chamber of Deputies, with some probability that it may pass that House. But it is believed on good grounds that the Senate will reject it. The Bishop of Asuncion, the Right Reverend Don Juan Bogarin, sent

an eloquent protest to the Paraguayan Congress against this iniquitous measure.

Russia.—On March 1, reports came from Riga, Revel and Helsingfors that an anti-Bolshevist uprising had broken out in Petrograd and Moscow. On the following day fuller details reached London about fighting going on in many parts of Russia, Petrograd, especially, being a center of revolt, for thousands of strikers were said to be arrayed against the Soviet troops. The uprising started on February 24, when regular street battles began between the troops and the workmen. The revolt had been growing for some time among the population owing to the desperate lack of fuel and food.

Review of the Anti-Soviet Revolt

On February 26 workers seized the Arsenal of Petrograd and the Kursk railway stations and were joined by the naval garrison at Kronstadt. About the same time serious disorders from strikes, followed by food riots, began in Moscow. The rebels made Kronstadt the center of their organization, General Kozlovski, their leader, having been successful in uniting under him citizens of all classes. On March 7, an official dispatch from Washington reported that

The anti-Bolshevist revolutionists are now in control of the fortress of Kronstadt, the majority of the other forts, the Baltic Fleet, the major part of Petrograd, and most of the points of military advantage in the vicinity of the city. The chief Bolshevist Navy Commissar and M. Kalinin, chairman of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, are held at Kronstadt by the revolutionists as hostages. The revolutionists are also said to be in control of the railroads leading out of Petrograd.

It is reported further that workmen who have recently returned to Russia from America are leaders of the revolutionists, are anti-Bolshevist and are playing an important part in the present outbreak. The strikes by laborers in Petrograd have increased in number and violence, and crowds are to be seen congregated in the streets in defiance of the military orders issued by the Soviet régime.

M. Zinovieff, Chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, is reported to have established headquarters in the Peter and Paul fortress, and is endeavoring to organize the official Soviet troops to regain control of the situation and disperse the revolutionists.

Trotsky, who has been leading the Soviet forces, ordered Kronstadt to surrender, and on its refusal, he bombarded it, but without succeeding in reducing the fortress to submission. On March 15, Trotsky's renewed attack on Kronstadt with an army of 40,000 men was repulsed with severe losses, but two days later the fortress surrendered under the concentrated attacks of 60,000 Bolsheviks. General Kozlovski retired to Finland.

Zone News.—The situation arising from the disagreement between Costa Rica and Panama concerning the boundary between the two countries, has reached a stage where Panama is faced with the irrevocable determination on the part of the United States to stand by the decision of Chief Justice White as to the correct interpretation of the Loubet arbitral award of 1900. The

The Panama Dispute

facts of the case are as follows: The dispute as to the international boundary between Costa Rica and Panama has been more or less actively in progress for almost eighty-five years. In 1900 the Loubet arbitral award which settled the boundary was accepted by both parties to the controversy, as far as the boundary on the Pacific side of the Cordillera was concerned, but has not been observed by Panama. The boundary on the Atlantic side still continues to be a matter of contention, and on March 17, 1910, both Costa Rica and Panama agreed, according to the Porras-Anderson treaty, to submit their differences to the arbitration of Chief Justice White of the United States. The Chief Justice, in 1914, rendered his decision, which was unfavorable to Panama. The following year, in 1915, the Panama Government notified the United States that it refused to accept the decision, on the ground that the arbitrator had exceeded the scope of the arbitration agreement and had given Costa Rica more territory than that country had demanded of President Loubet. Accordingly Panama refused consistently to live up to the Chief Justice's decision.

On February 21, Costa Rica invaded the territory awarded by the Chief Justice to Panama, and a war seemed inevitable. On March 3 former Secretary of State Colby made representations to Panama, which, however, failed to stop hostilities. On March 5, Secretary of State Hughes addressed a note to Costa Rica, urging on that country the immediate cessation of hostilities, acceptance of the White decision and withdrawal of Costa Rican troops from Panama territory. A note of a similar character was also sent to Panama.

Costa Rica, two days later, informed the United States that it had already, in compliance with the request of the United States, issued orders for the withdrawal of the Costa Rican troops that had crossed the Sixaola River, on the Atlantic side, and that at Coto, on the Pacific side, the Costa Rica troops would proceed no further. The following day, Panama informed the Government at Washington that it had withdrawn its military forces from the Coto region, but that this did not imply that it accepted the White decision, which the Legislative Assembly and public opinion in Panama had constantly rejected since 1914, or that it relinquished claims for indemnification for Costa Rica's attack.

On March 11, both countries, as members of the League of Nations, informed Sir Eric Drummond, General Secretary of the League, that they had accepted the mediation of the United States, but Panama made the same reservations as had already been made in the note to the United States. The League merely published the notes and took no further action.

On March 15, Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State, replied to the communication from Panama. He declared that the Government of the United States could find no justification for Panama's contention that the arbitrator, Chief Justice White, had exceeded the scope of the agreement made between Costa Rica and Panama. He

quoted Article VI of the Porras-Anderson treaty of March 17, 1910, which read as follows:

The award, whatever it be, shall be held as a perfect and compulsory treaty between the High Contracting Parties. Both High Contracting Parties bind themselves to the faithful execution of the award and waive all claims against it. The boundary line between the two republics as finally fixed by the arbitrator shall be deemed the true line, and his determination of the same shall be final, conclusive and without appeal. Thereupon a commission of delimitation shall be constituted in the same manner as provided in Article II with respect to the commission of survey, and shall immediately thereafter proceed to mark and delimitate the boundary line, permanently, in accordance with such decision of the arbitrator. Such commission of delimitation shall act under the direction of the arbitrator, who shall settle and determine any dispute as to the same.

Mr. Hughes in the light of this article finds no basis for the Panama's contention that the Chief Justice exceeded his powers, and declares that the fact of the United States having bound itself to guarantee and maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama, makes it imperative that Panama fulfil the obligations contained in the said treaty:

The Government of the United States therefore feels compelled to urge upon the Government of Panama in the most friendly, but most earnest manner, that it conclude, without delay, arrangements with the Government of Costa Rica for the appointment of the Commission of Engineers provided for by the terms of Article VII. of the Porras-Anderson treaty in order that the boundary line laid down by the decision of Chief Justice White may be physically laid down in a permanent manner and in accordance with the findings of the award.

The note concludes with the statement that the United States, deems it its duty to ask that the Government of Panama "definitely indicate its intention to comply with the representations made to it by the Government of the United States."

Instead of indicating the decision which the Secretary of State had respectfully requested, President Porras of Panama appealed personally to President Harding to use his influence to secure a settlement "more in accord with justice and dignity than the one we are being asked to accept." President Harding replied in the following note:

The communications from our State Department to the Government of Panama and the Government of Costa Rica have been sent with the full knowledge and hearty approval of the Executive. It would be exceedingly distressing to me to believe that the Government of Panama had cause to feel wounded or to assume, for any reason, the Government of the United States is in any way unmindful of our peculiarly friendly relationship, with a recognized mutuality of interest. The friendly expressions made in your presence informally last November are repeated now, and there is deep concern for full justice in the exercise of our friendly relationship. It must be apparent, however, that the decision of the Chief Justice of the United States in an arbitration submitted to him, and reached after exhaustive study and rendered in fullest devotion to justice, must be the unalterable position of this Government.

This note, like the note to which it was a reply, was signed by the President and addressed personally to President Porras.

An Item from the Bishops' Program

T. J. FLAHERTY

A RECENT message from Paris says: "The session of the committee of experts of the Allied Supreme Council ended at 2:30 o'clock this morning, after reaching a complete agreement on the system of annual payments of reparations by Germany."

In forty-two years the amount will have totaled fifty-four billion dollars. A staggering debt, surely. But why should we wonder? In every war from the time of Miltiades to the time of Foch the fruits of victory have thus, alas, been garnered; high hopes of a better world dimmed; burdens of terrific economic waste placed upon the shoulders of the poor. The World War has not caused the death of old misconceptions. Has it proved to be the occasion out of which men might rise to a higher economic plane? Perhaps.

Of course everybody is tired of the war; tired talking about it; tired thinking about it. Yet viewed at what angle soever, it has been the occasion for testing all things under high pressure; for experimenting with everything from the ecliptic circle to the Ten Commandments. If we Catholics have kept our heads, and we have, it is because we stood on firm ground, because we have discounted the a-priority of the day, because we looked for no magic. On the other hand we expected and saw the immutable principles of trigonometry win on the battlefields of France and Flanders, while a naive faith in man's natural goodness surrendered democracy and justice to the torch in Ireland.

But surely labor, apostrophized, praised, cajoled, the hope of the world, was secure, was at last allowed a voice in its destiny. Not so!

The war over, the ethos of the war-made-rich turned to battle with the principles of trade unionism as a menace to commercialism and industrialism. The usual methods of propaganda were taken up; the banquet, the lecture platform and the magazine-article contributing the usual valuable assistance. But a skilful news gatherer, one thoroughly awake to the alarms of the hour, was on hand when the crisis came. The Catholic Church spoke out and the Bishops' Program synchronized with the propaganda of the enemies of labor. Raymond Swing, writing in the *New York Nation* at the time, covered the case well when he said that "a quartet of Catholic clergymen gave to the country stronger labor doctrine, more intelligibly presented and more persuasive than the reconstruction committee of the American Federation of Labor."

What that labor doctrine embodies should be the concern of intelligent investigators, especially in these dark days when men seem to have lost their perspective. One

item alone of the Program opens up a rich vein of possibilities; it is the item which relates to co-operative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements.

In bringing the importance of this co-operative movement to the attention of labor, the Bishops say:

The full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through co-operative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements. In the former the workers own and manage the industries themselves; in the latter they own a substantial part of the corporate stock and exercise a reasonable share in the management. However slow the attainment of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an order that will be secure from the *danger of revolution*. It is to be noted that this particular modification would not mean the abolition of private ownership. The instruments of production would be owned by individuals, not the State.

The co-operative idea, of course, is not new, but the view-point of the Bishops is new! They are concerned with co-operation not so much as an end in itself but rather as a sure and safe means to justice for the workmen. We find this amelioration and betterment of participants in the movement as we trace co-operative societies back to medieval days: for example, the Welsh *co-aration*, composed of the ploughman, the driver, the owner of the iron, of woodwork and of each of the eight oxen; in upper Italy from the tenth to the fifteenth century, the *consortati agricoli*, where the parish church was the meeting place for electing officers and settling rules; in the fifteenth century in England; in China from time immemorial; in Russia, "the land of workmen's associations"; later in France and later still in Ireland, where the co-operative societies of the farmers numbered, with their families, nearly 300,000 members.

Organized labor in the United States motivates in the direct action of a past decade, and because of the failure of the strike the Socialist principles of Marx are slowly infecting the movement. Serious or hard thought is lacking, patience is not the rule, quick change is the dream of the loosely organized mass. There are 3,000 true co-operative societies in the United States inviting organized labor to grasp the idea that such societies could change, to a great extent, without shock, the present economic status of labor. Not one union man in a thousand has knowledge of the rich possibilities in such societies; not one in five hundred knows that such societies exist in America in any form.

Thus Europe, even Asia, is destined to take up the work of the American Bishops. In Italy, in September

of last year the Popular party resolved, on the occasion of the threatened spread of Sovietism to Italy that, "The only solution suggested by our party is that workmen should gradually become shareholders in industries together with the present owners. Otherwise, it is impossible to hope for a restoration of order and discipline." It is realized there that great things do not happen over night, and realizing that the General Confederation of Labor in Italy reports that it

has examined the problem of production in Italy and has come to the conclusion that in order to obtain the increased output which is absolutely necessary if an equilibrium is to be re-established between consumption (enormously raised by reason of increased demand and new conditions of living) and production (enormously decreased by reason of various factors arising out of the war), in order to reduce imposts and thus hasten the restoration of a normal exchange, in order, further, to prevent ignorance of industrial conditions from affording an opportunity to the employers, on the one hand, of making unchecked statements, and to the workers, on the other, of advancing impossible claims for improvement of conditions, it is essential that there should be a modification in the relations obtaining between employers and employed. Such modification should tend to permit the latter, through the agency of their trade unions, to be in a position to know the real state of their industry, to be acquainted with its technical and financial workings, and to be able, through the work of their factory committees (being off-shoots of the trade unions), to cooperate in applying factory regulations, to control the appointment and dismissal of the employees, and thus to inspire the normal life of the factory with the necessary discipline. In order to attain these aims, the General Federation of Labor holds it essential to proceed immediately to the constitution of a committee of delegates with an equal number of representatives from both sides, which committee shall work out the details for applying the principle of the control of factories.

In England, while no one can deny that the condition of the wage-earner is deplorable, yet the Labor party of England, strongly organized, has great power for good and the rise of the Gild of Builders is one of the hopeful signs of these dismal days. In writing of this Gild in the *Nation*, of New York, Malcolm Sparkes calls it the one clean-cut and great fact from which we can take courage. "The labor of the gildsmen," he writes,

will not be treated as a mere commodity like bricks or timber, to be purchased as required and discarded when done with. When the financial arrangements are complete, pay will be continuous, in sickness or accident, in bad weather or in good. The word unemployment, as we used to understand it, is to be ruled out of the dictionary, let us hope, forever.

Thus the Bishops' plan of co-operation, which is really a modification of the "gild property" of the Middle Ages, is being realized in other lands than ours. The philosophy of Mill, of Marx, even of Henry George, has held in constraint much liberal thought of America. That these thinkers have set up an abstract man who functions in an economic vacuum the lesson of Russia is beginning to teach. The Bishops have based their reasoning on human nature as it is, viewed in the light of the experience of Catholic theologians. They see, as was pointed out in *The New York Evening Post*, that

economic wars in this country are less and less relying upon force *per se*. A power more "subtle and covert" than that is being used.

It is being fought through many of the ordinary channels of civilization.

It is being fought in the courts, through the power to withhold jobs, through the ownership of men's homes, through the control of local government. It is being fought by strikes, by appeals to class interest, and the occasional resort to violence. Its weapons are, injunctions, special kinds of contracts of employment, impassioned oratory, and the refusal to work.

Lacordaire, the great Dominican preacher, was a contemporary of the most famous thinkers of the nineteenth century, the writings of Marx, Mill, Spencer, Hegel, Ricardo, being familiar to him. He had the ability, the leisure, the liking to investigate the theories of these men. Yet in his "*Lettres à des Jeunes Gens*" he indirectly sums up his opinion of it all to a young man who had asked his advice: "With the Bible and the '*Summa*' of St. Thomas one can attain anything," he said. And old-fashioned as it is, it is upon such a rock that the Bishops' Program is built.

The New Medical Mission Movement

M. LAMONT, M.D.

WHILE some good Catholics are asking whether there need be any mission movement at all, and above all, medical, India, Holland and the British Isles have moved. A Dutch medical man, without family, and an earnest Catholic, has just started out to the help of his fellow-countrymen, the missionaries of the Dutch Indies. Austria has contributed the first woman doctor who is to direct the little hospital for women founded by the late Dr. Agnes Maclaren at Rawal Pindi, Punjab, India. Australia has sent another woman doctor to the aid of Archbishop Aelen in an outlying part of his large Archdiocese of Madras, where she is working with some Dutch nuns.

Besides the above doctors, one of whom is a man, while two are women, four students at least, one of them a man at a London hospital, are studying with the object of devoting themselves to Catholic mission work. Of the three women students, one is Dutch, in her third year of study, one Scotch in her first year, and one, who is making the necessary preparation for study, is American.

Dr. Agnes Maclaren obtained the benediction of Pope Pius X on her little hospital at Rawal-Pindi, which is nursed by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. The movement at Rome has progressed still further, for the writer of this article received a few months ago a document from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, congratulating her on her idea of "a little Society of women doctors, lay, but pious and apostolic," which should furnish doctors to any mission that desired them, and be supported by Catholic doctors, and others among the laity, in any and every country. This plan is especially

pleasing to the Holy Father, because it is *vraiment catholique*. It is not a mission composed of members of only one country, and sending its doctors to only one country. Human suffering knows no boundaries; disease and death abound in all the missions to a far greater extent than in civilized countries. Our missionaries themselves need medical aid badly. One of the most Christian points about the medical profession is that it knows no distinction, whether of creed, color, sex, age, race or class.

It is high time that Catholics woke up to the important aid that medicine, as a handmaid, can be to our missionaries. The Rev. Father Ronland, at present head of the Paris Foreign Mission in the Rue du Bac, Paris, told the writer of this article that he considers medical work as the most important development of the mission enterprise work of our day; and Mgr. de Guébriant, Apostolic Delegate to China, is of the same opinion. Mgr. Biondi, at present Apostolic Delegate in Japan, and formerly in India, told me during my stay in Bangalore, in the autumn of 1919, on my way from Mesopotamia where I did war service, that he much wished the splendid work done by the Women's Medical College in North India were Catholic. His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, was present at meetings both on behalf of Dr. Maclaren's work during her lifetime, and, as recently as last Vigil of St. Andrew, the Apostle, at a lantern lecture given by the writer at the Jesuit sodality hall, Farm Street, London.

More than this, the Jesuit Bishop of Trichinopoly has given his *imprimatur* to a small work of the writer on Indian Catholic Medical Missions, published by the Indian Catholic Truth Society. The new Jesuit Archbishop Alban Goodier, of Bombay, has already started a small mission hospital for women with an Indian woman doctor in charge. He has also appealed to the writer to come, or send one or two European medical women, to his aid. A big movement has begun in India, with the object of organizing for charitable and apostolic purposes, the numbers of Catholic Indian and Anglo-Indian practitioners, who have during the last thirty years been graduated by the government medical schools. Two of these are nuns of the Good Shepherd, at Bangalore. What is needed is inspiration and direction of this movement by Catholic practitioners, brought up in a healthy climate and with all the vigor and initiative of the West.

The London Jesuits, especially the Very Rev. Father Wright, Father Galton and Father Day, are interesting themselves in the scholarship fund for a Catholic student, a Scotch convert educated at the Holy Child, now working at the London School of Medicine for Women.

All this progress is a hopeful sign, at the very moment when 400 Chinese girls are studying in the United States, and even twenty of them so far afield as Paris. Those in America are mostly under Protestant missionary influence, and will never meet a Catholic, nor see the in-

terior of a Catholic building. Those in Paris are not under Catholic influences. Some of these women are studying law, education, art, and so on, but many are studying medicine. The Rev. Father Lebbe of the Congregation of the Mission, who has done splendid missionary work in China, is at present in Paris, where he is doing a great work among Chinese students. In London some five Chinese students are preparing for matriculation. Nothing is done however by Catholics either in Paris, London, or, so far as I know, in America, for women students from China.

Mr. Reed Lewis, an excellent American Catholic, has added some missionary books to his lending-by-post library at Bexhill, and Father Day, S. J., has also accepted charge of a missionary, especially medical missionary, book-shelf. There are many Protestant books on the subject, which are most interesting, stimulating, and suggestive; and as they rarely mention Catholic work they cannot be regarded as anti-Catholic. Sometimes, indeed, they mention Catholic missionaries in a friendly spirit, and a few of them are devoted to the memory of that grand apostle, St. Francis Xavier.

Numerous converts are taking an interest in this work, in England, Scotland and Ireland. If the writer succeeds in the intention of a lecturing tour this spring in America, no doubt converts both in the United States and in Canada will follow the lead already given on the European side of the Atlantic. The Nuns of the Sacred Heart, Holy Child and the Assumption, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Margaret's, Edinburgh, have been warmly sympathetic, as well as the actual missionary Congregations, such as the Catechist Missionaries of Mary Immaculate, Paris, who are in great distress for lack of a woman surgeon for their fine hospital at Kumbakonam, South India, the Franciscan nuns of Mill Hill, who think they have secured an Irish woman doctor for their Uganda Mission, and the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. The Scheut Mission at Brussels is sending Belgian doctors to the aid of its Mongolian Mission, which is scourged by typhus. It is not a question, therefore, whether a medical movement is required or not, but rather how best to gather the funds and the recruits needed. Modern medicine in pagan lands, may prove as dangerous a weapon against Catholicism as the rank superstition and cruel practises of the medicine man. Our Lord sent His apostles forth, not only to preach the Kingdom of God but to heal the sick. St. Francis Xavier took this commission literally; he cared for the sick most tenderly according to his capacity and opportunities, and not only in miraculous ways. St. Peter said, as he worked his first miracle after Pentecost "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee." He had the miraculous gift of healing; which most of us today have not. But we have modern medical science, and some of us also have silver and gold. Let us follow his example, and give in the Name of Jesus of Nazareth, for the healing of the soul and body alike "such as we have."

The Hope in Supra-Nationalism

HENRY E. O'KEEFE, C.S.P.

IN the midst of the new Babel of contradicting voices over a League of Nations one is provoked to philosophize on its supra-racial and supra-national quality. Racial and national solidarity has been at times a menace to the universal note in Catholicism. It stirred up that historical mess which was once defined as the Reformation. Will it or will it not be a source of confusion to this sublime but somewhat vague hope of humanity called the League of Nations? Robert Hugh Benson tells of the agreeable shock he felt when in the Roman College of the Propaganda, he saw many races and nationalities with one profound, thought-inspiring unity of purpose for a common cause. This supra-national note warmed the heart of the impressionable convert because in the Anglican system he saw but one race or rather nation with almost as many beliefs on one subject as there were individual Englishmen. At this moment there is in my mind, derived from my own personal knowledge, the vivid instance of a convent of ninety cloistered nuns of fourteen different nationalities and all as happy and light-hearted as children.

Henry George when writing about certain social problems is of the opinion that a radical economic change must be wrought by the whole strength of the State. He believes this because only the high-minded and extra-racial enthusiasm of the Religious Orders of Catholicism could voluntarily bring about his panacea for all social ills, the quasi-abolition of private property.

Is there anything intellectually out of joint in the assertion that a man might be ordinatorily proud, let us say, of his Irish blood but prouder still of his American birth and proudest of all that he is a Catholic priest? Is it possible for the supra-national strain in Catholicism to harmonize with the traditional and theological teaching concerning love of country and yet control racial divergences for the peace of every nation of the world? Races are as individuals. The qualities of some do but heal the defects of others. There are more distinct races in France than there are in the American Republic yet they are so closely welded that France is a passion to every Frenchman. The mixture of blood in the Irish is no hindrance to a common patriotism.

Ireland is a country which had or has its own peculiar complexion of civilization. The conflicting racial elements of nationality have been reduced under one head. There is a general type which has come out of the Celt, the Gael, the Norman and even the Saxon. It is a land which drew, as rivers to the sea, different streams of European races. Could this racial amalgam be perpetuated on a larger scale over future civilization? This is perhaps what Tennyson means by the federation of the world being represented in the parliament of men. Our present civilization is at least precarious and may be

abruptly broken up by materialism or industrialism, which latter, for example, is aggressively represented by Mr. Barnes of England, at the meetings of the League of Nations.

The Jew is the purest racial type and he is not always so pure as the anthropologists assure us. One has but to look at the Jew to believe that Christ has interfered in the government of the world. Mr. Henry Ford's anti-semitism has erred in reducing the Jewish peril to astute, and what Cardinal Newman calls, merciless commercialism. It is the unassimilative and hereditary racial instinct of the Jew which is of more concern to intelligent observers in this country. The World War broke some rigid racial divergences. Was it a temporary condition? The Russian revolution which is to become such a splendid opportunity for Latin civilization, is breaking up many of the races of the north. Mr. Hilaire Belloc intimates that on the whole the French Revolution brought about a wholesome result. Is it possible that the racial tumult in the petty nations of Europe at present will eventually affect the general mass like leaven in a lump of meal? A Slav is not a Latin, a Celt is not a Saxon, nor is a Japanese an Arab, yet all of these, because of an enhanced intercommunication since the war, have come closer in acquaintance, than ever in the history of humanity. Undoubtedly we are influenced by Europe in spite of what our publicists for political preferment write and say to the plain people. We sprang from the loins of Europe. As we bear in our bodies those cellular assertions of vitalism from our progenitors, so we have the racial antecedents of Europe in the fabric of our civilization. Furthermore even those who are not of English extraction are subtly dominated by the modes of thought and polity of the British Empire, and it is mind which eventually prevails.

There is a supra-national and a supra-racial quality even in Christ's tears over the doomed city of Jerusalem. Doubtless there is a vein of patriotic feeling in His lament. But the passing of the Synagogue does but begin that wider Jerusalem in which there would be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. The broad interests of humanity demanded a cosmopolitanism which would break the rigid limitations of any race or nation.

The hour has come for some of the smallest and largest nations and the purest races to make concessions and historically adjust themselves for the social peace of the world. No nation however petty and helpless will be lost by fitting in with the economy of other and more powerful nations for the universal betterment of mankind. Is self-determination practically and economically applicable in every crisis and on every occasion? Is Poland now the distracted victim of the degradation of the democratic idea? Doubtless the nation like the family is a creation of Divine design, but there are races which have been so fused together that they have amicably occupied the same territory and have been governed by the same dynasty and the same laws.

Idealism which is so necessary even for the education of a child is the one heartening aspect of a League of Nations. But how different is the idealism of Benedict XV from that of Mr. Woodrow Wilson or Lord Robert Cecil. Is there one statesman in Europe or America forceful and preeminent enough to reduce even remotely this idealism to practical historic value? Even the most learned of the experts of international law are high in the air as to results. But perhaps out of the disappointment and tumult there shall arise a supra-nationalism which will be so detached and so beyond racial impulse and interest that it will be a real service to the world. Tennyson in his vision sees the day when "The war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

The End of Sorrow

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

WITHIN the gibbet ring on the deserted hill of Calvary the three crosses lay upon the ground, and a cold rain was driving steadily from the northwest. The earthquake was shuddering at intervals, and the late afternoon was still dark. In the garden below the hill of Golgotha, Joseph of Arimathea and the disciples had placed the Sacred Body within the sepulchre, rolled up the closing stone, and fastened it by driving in wedges along its edges.

In the flare of the lanterns the Mother stood there in the pouring rain, wet from head to foot, and the trickling water was spreading one large stain down her mantle from the right shoulder, where His head had lain after the deposition. She was a tall woman, and her head was bent slightly backward from weariness. The white wimple about her whiter face was limp in the rain. Her eyes were sunken but strangely tranquil. Her lips were blue and slightly parted. The left hand was under her mantle, but in the right hand she held unconsciously a long piece of the crown of thorns the men had pulled out of His tangled hair. The rain dripped glistening from the end of the thorny twig.

Joseph of Arimathea and the disciples withdrew a few paces and watched her as she stood gazing at the tomb. Presently the form of a man, faintly seen, like one in a fog, issued from the face of the rock. This apparition suddenly took shape, and some of those beside her thought they saw the Foster Father standing before the sepulchre; others afterward said they could not recognize the wraith. It said to her: "Thou that hast dwelt in the Light so long shouldst not be afraid in the dark. On the third day thou shalt find Him again in Jerusalem as thou foundst Him in the temple a lad amongst the doctors."

The ghost faded away slowly. A quick puff of wind blew it like a wisp of sea spume into the darkness.

Mary's face flushed. She straightened up like a girl; a smile flickered about her eyes, and relaxed the drawn forehead. Then she turned, and with the thorny twig in her hand, she left the garden and started along the path toward the Gate of Judgment. The faint twilight that had appeared after the ninth hour had faded and night had fallen. The city wall had been cracked in places and shifted by the earthquake, and the Gate of Judgment could not be closed. She, with St. John beside her carrying the lantern, walked through the loosened stones under the gate arch and started in the gloom down the steep slope of the Dolorous Way, which ran across the city to the eastern wall. The rain beat upon her face in gusts, and she could hear in the lapses of the wind the muddy water purring down the deserted hilly street.

A squad of Roman soldiers, cloaked and with cowed helmets, going out to guard the sepulchre, swung past her, and jostled her in the narrow way. After she had gone a little space down the hill she came upon the body of a woman lying in the kennel, whose head had been crushed by a falling coping stone during the earthquake. A black dog cowered by the corpse, shivering and whining, and now and then it would raise its muzzle and howl like a wolf.

Far down the hill she saw a light greatening, and presently a throng of men and women, raimented in white simars and golden stoles, with palms in their hands, flowed in dreadful pomp up the hill just above the ground. Upon their foreheads was written in light the Unspeakable Name, and on their heads were carcanets that gleamed in shimmerings of yellow flame through a frost of gems, and in their eyes was the peace of Christ. Adam and Eve and all the patriarchs and prophets went by in serried ranks; the holy women of Israel who had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; Abraham and Isaac; Moses, the Liberator, with a broken manacle in his hand; Melchisedech, the priest-king; David, the poet of God; Isaiah, Elias, Ezechiel, and Daniel, in chariots dim in topaz flame, drawn by lions, blackmaned in tawny majesty, and white bulls. Above the chariot of Ezechiel, with vast pinions spread, floated a great golden eagle. After them came John the Baptist and the Foster Father, two of the Magi with smoking thuribles, hundreds of the Innocents by the Idumean slain and shepherded by Rachel the mother; and last of all Rizpah, carrying a red staff with which she had beaten off the vultures from the laden crosses. As each one in this pageant of the ghosts came beside Mary, he stopped and bent the knee, and said to her, "Hail, full of grace!" They all went up the hill and disappeared through the Gate of Judgment. The darkness fell again, and again Mary felt the cold rain beating upon her face.

Farther down the street she came upon a Greek dancing girl from the palace of Herod. As John lifted his lantern they saw wilted roses in her disheveled hair, her face mottled and streaked with rainwet paint, her lips

frothing. She was crazed, and she ran on stumbling, looking backward every now and then, and shrieking incessantly:

"Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!"

Mary went on into the city to the house of John, and there she slept in her weariness like unto those that are dead. The sabbath day passed, and the night of the first day of the week. In the garden under Golgotha the Roman soldiers of the guard before the sealed sepulchre slept uneasily in their sodden blankets, and two sentries paced up and down the garden walk. From behind the city walls came the constant baying and snarling of vagabond dogs.

Before the first watch, suddenly, as if from an opened door, a saffron light flared up the bowl of the sky from horizon to zenith; it kindled into crimson here and there; the east grew opalescent; the walls and towers of Jerusalem loomed dimly in the shadows; the stars among the breaking storm wrack went out one by one like blown tapers; and the morning in russet mantle clad pushed the edge of the sun's red target to the rim of the world. At that instant the earth shook violently. The soldiers leaped up from the wet ground in terror. The great flagstone at the mouth of the holy sepulchre was flung outward with a hollow crash, and overwhelming white light burst from the opened tomb. Then, elevated in the air, He floated out and stood before the guard an instant. The nail-holes in His hands and feet glittered red, and His opened tunic showed the gash before His heart. The soldiers fell to the earth and lay as if killed by lightning. He vanished. Within the tomb were two dim angels, grave-visaged, seated where the Body had lain. The grave cloths were folded and set between them, as a chalice veil rests on the altar.

In an upper chamber of the house in Jerusalem whither Mary had gone on Friday evening she stood at a lattice looking over the city roofs with unseeing eyes. She was living over again His passion and hers. A dove crooned on the tiles above her, and a sparrow cheeped under the eaves. The street sounds below were beginning a new day. The trumpets of dawn blared from the Temple, and silence fell again.

Then from behind her she heard His voice:

"Mother!"

She turned quickly with a low gasping cry. He stood there in the room, with pierced hands outstretched to her. She tottered forward to Him, and He clasped her to His riven heart. She took eagerly the bearded face of God between her white hands; she kissed Him, and whispered brokenly:

"Oh, Son! Son!"

She fell upon her knees, and still clasping His hands, she said:

"My Lord and my God!"

As He stood before her she could see the bones white at the sides of the long nail-rents in His feet, but all her dolours were ended forever.

The Stigmatica of Lucca

BLANCHE M. KELLY, Litt. D.

THERE are saints who walked the common ways of earth and so conspicuously shared our human nature that, though they have raised it to heroic sanctity, we are chiefly conscious of their tender human qualities. There are saints, also, before the sublime perfection of whose souls we stand awed and dismayed as before soaring heights to us unattainable. And there are still others of the holy ones of God whose appealing lowliness and exalted sanctity are alike lost sight of before the overwhelming spectacle of God's mercies in their regard.

Such a one was Gemma Galgani, a young girl of Lucca, the cause of whose beatification has recently been introduced before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and, though nothing in this paper is extended to anticipate the decision of the Congregation, yet it is not out of place to discuss her life at this appropriate time of penance. The short years of her existence were as a rift in the veil through which God showed Himself, not as to Moses, in the shadow of His glory and through a hole in the rock, but in the Incarnate Beauty which for three and thirty years was visible to men. He did more; in the person of Gemma Galgani He so renewed His Passion that she became in a sense another Christ. Weekly, for the space of several years, she agonized as He did, so that from the pores of her body the blood ran down to the ground, her flesh was laid open from His scourging, her head was pierced with His thorns, her knees were bruised for His falls, her delicate shoulder was torn by His cross, while in hands and feet and side appeared the five-fold tokens of His piercing. No medieval legend this, but a fact well authenticated by persons who brought the doubts of Thomas to the probing of these wounds, and believed as he did only after they had seen. The record of Gemma's years lies open for all the world to read. There has been no time for legend, howsoever picturesque, to obscure it, for she was born at Camigliano, a village near Lucca, in Tuscany, on March 12, 1878, and she died on April 11, 1903. She was not enclosed in a cloister, but formed one of a large and active household, and there are persons still living who dwelt under the same roof with her and whose eyes grew accustomed to the sight of these wonders as do our eyes to the commonplace happenings of every day.

Gemma's parents were devout middle-class people in good circumstances, her mother having been to a large degree instrumental in forming the child's early habits of piety or rather in discerning her aptitude for holiness. It was she who helped her to cultivate a deep love for Christ crucified and a desire for heaven. This dearly loved mother died when her daughter was eight, her approaching death being the occasion of Gemma's first revelation. Her father sent her for her schooling to the Guerra Institute, conducted by the Sisters of St. Zita, the patroness of Lucca, where she made her first Com-

munion. There also she found her first regular confessor, the Rev. Giovanni Volpi, to whom she was subsequently to be a source of much anxiety and distress. Thereafter to the end of her life she kept as a great feast day the anniversary of her first Communion.

She had an ardent, impulsive temperament, which even at nine was under the dominion of her will, and she gave unmistakable evidence of possessing also a keen intelligence, although her thoughtfulness and reserve often gave superficial observers a contrary impression. In 1894 illness obliged her to remain at home, and there she lived an active spiritual life, going about the domestic duties which eventually fell to her with her heart preoccupied with God and receiving from Him constantly a deepening perception of spiritual things. She began to receive not only strong interior lights, but she was vouchsafed the extraordinary favor which mystical theologians call "locutions"; she heard the voice of Christ speak articulately to her ears. She saw Him also with her eyes, and the natural fruit of such marvels was the growth of a desire for suffering and an intense devotion to her suffering Lord, so intense that the sight of a crucifix caused her to lose consciousness. But not for five years more did these emotions of her soul find, as it were, external and articulate expression in the wounding of her body.

In the interval the death of her father left the family of seven children without care, and Gemma went to live with a wealthy aunt at Camaiore, but after a short time she returned to share the poverty at Lucca, where she fell ill with a serious spinal affection, so that her recovery was despaired of. When she had lain helpless for a year, growing steadily worse, she was suddenly and miraculously restored to perfect health on the first Friday of March, 1899, at the conclusion of a novena to the Sacred Heart and St. Margaret Mary which she had made, not alone, but—a mere incidental marvel amid so many—in association with the Passionist novice, Gabriel dell' Addolorata, who went to Paradise in 1862, and who, with Margaret Mary, has just been canonized.

Restored to health, Gemma now began to think of carrying out her long-cherished desire to enter a convent, her only difficulty being the choice of the Congregation to which she should offer herself, for on various grounds she felt herself bound to the Sisters of St. Camillus, to the Passionist Nuns and to the Visitandines. At this time she was vouchsafed repeated visions of Christ crucified. The days of that year wore on. In May she went for a month's retirement to the Visitation convent in Lucca in the hope of being received into the community, but, doubting her complete recovery, the Archbishop would not allow her to stay even the full time at the convent, and once more this child, who carried Patmos in her heart, returned to the world but not to its ways.

She was then living with her two aunts and her brothers and sisters in a house at No. 3 Via del Biscione, in the city of Lucca. Within it there was constantly going

on all the usual business of life, accomplished none too tranquilly. In this place, amid these surroundings, Gemma Galgani received the stigmata on June 8, 1899, the vigil of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. On the Thursday evening while she was rapt in recollection, she had a consoling vision of the Mother of Jesus, and with her came her Lord Himself with open wounds. From these wounds to Gemma's hands and feet and heart flashed living flames, and thereupon she bore the marks of the Lord Jesus in her body. There is a kind of terror in the thought that I who write this have more or less definite recollections of that Feast of the Sacred Heart, on which this tremendous scene was being enacted in Lucca.

The extraordinary thing that had befallen her could not well be concealed and, naturally speaking, it became a rock of stumbling to those of her own household, for her aunts could not conceive how it was possible that flesh and blood of theirs should be admitted to such mysteries. Their incredulity even took the form of angry abuse, but worse than this trial was Gemma's lack of spiritual counselors at this juncture, for her regular confessor had become Bishop of Arezzo and was well nigh inaccessible. She had never seen a Passionist except in her vision of Blessed Gabriel dell' Addolorata, but towards the end of June some Fathers of this Order came to Lucca and Gemma not only recognized their dress as that of her Saint, but was told by Our Lord that one of them would be her spiritual guide. Accordingly Gemma hastened to the confessional and at the feet of Father Cajetan of the Child Jesus poured out her story. It was he who made it known to Mgr. Volpi, he who solemnly attested what he subsequently witnessed with his own eyes, and who brought it about that his Provincial, Father Peter Paul of the Immaculate, the present Archbishop of Mamerino, should investigate the wondrous matter and give his testimony also. It was no easy matter to convince Mgr. Volpi that the experiences of his penitent were not delusions but the workings of God, and he subjected her to close examination and rigorous tests. Even then, feeling the responsibility of her direction too great to bear alone, he sought to share it with another. To Gemma, meanwhile, it had been revealed that a Passionist then in Rome, whom she had never seen, was to be her special guide and this priest, Father Germano of St. Stanislaus, came to Lucca at Mgr. Volpi's invitation.

Gemma, in the interval, had been received into the family of a Signor Giannini, at the instance of his sister, a devout woman who recognized the girl's extraordinary sanctity, but as yet was unaware of her extraordinary favors. When she arrived at the Giannini home, Gemma greeted Father Germano unhesitatingly as the guide promised to her by Our Lord. Father Germano set about the study of her spiritual state and her experiences, as he might have undertaken a problem in mathematics. He watched her and tried her and listened to her; at his behest, by way of a general confession of her sins, she

wrote down an account of her revelations, and he set the seal of authoritative approval upon it by himself writing the story of her life, which is one of the most unusual and attractive in the whole of Christian hagiology.

Gemma died in 1903. She never entered the convent. The Passionist community to which she applied would not receive her. In her last illness, at the instance of Father Germano, who wished to ward off the danger of contagion from her benefactors, she was removed, against their protests, to a nearby house, and there took place the final scenes in her martyrdom. For long weeks her body was racked with pain and her spirit was subjected to the assaults of the powers of darkness. The end came on Holy Saturday, April 11. During the whole of the preceding day she had been in ecstasy, but an ecstasy of suffering, in which with Christ she was nailed to the Cross. With her at the last moment were none of the spiritual guides who would have been of such assistance to her, so that a terrible desolation underlay her last words: "Now it is indeed true that nothing more remains to me. I commend my poor soul to Thee, Jesus!"

I have not set out to describe Gemma's virtues, her sublime gift of contemplation, her heroic mortifications, her thirst for souls. In the lives of all God's Saints these things are to be found, with individual differences as various as the stars of heaven. In the vast majority they are unaccompanied by the spiritual favors which were showered upon Gemma, for it is a commonplace of mystical theology that such things are the seal but not the reward of virtue, and that they are to be fled from rather than sought or desired. But from time to time God in His Providence chooses so to seal His servants in the eyes of all men, that they may be put to confusion who esteem such lives madness and such deaths without honor. It would seem also that He has another lesson to convey. Since His death on Calvary, the Cross has become the most exalted symbol in His Church. It is made the very key of its entrance-door and as the sign of our salvation it is constantly before our eyes until they grow dark in death. But unhappily, for so our minds are constituted, the sign too often loses its significance, and though we gaze so constantly upon the Crucifix we think but seldom upon the Crucifixion, or, if we do, it is chiefly as something consummated and finished, a tragedy on which the curtain fell nineteen centuries ago. But how sharply the Passion comes home to us when, as some thirty times in the course of Christian history, the drama is repeated scene for scene in the body of a living creature. Awe-stricken we behold, not a figure carved from wood or ivory, but a quivering body of flesh torn by the scourges, reddened with flowing blood and reeling beneath a cross; we look no longer upon a Francis of Assisi, a Catherine of Siena, a Gemma Galgani, but on our knees exclaim: "Indeed this was the Son of God!" and add, through our tears, "Behold how He loved us!"

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule should not exceed six hundred words

The Ku Klux Comedians

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. John B. Kennedy, in "The Ku Klux Comedians," which appeared in *AMERICA* of January 29, says: "There was nothing sufficient to explain that panic; but it was real and the Ku Klux Klan, silly though it was, in a measure relieved that panic." In the preceding sentence he refers to the South as "ruined and riven," after speaking of the bitter days of the Southern people at the close of the war. Who but carpet-baggers, in the wake of Sherman, Butler, Hunter and others who practised Black and Tan methods, made it ruined and riven? Poverty the Southern people could stand, but they did not have to endure conditions which the Ku Klux Klan was organized to remedy. Until Mr. Kennedy understands the conditions of those days he had better refrain from saying there was nothing sufficient to explain the panic and from applying "silly" to the Klan that was organized by the gallant general, Nathan Bedford Forrest. When the North learns to let alone subjects on which it is not able to pass judgment, much will have been accomplished in the way of fairness.

Washington.

ELLEN FOLEY.

"Laboritis"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The extravagant claims which Socialists and others make in favor of labor are scarcely appreciated by the ordinary reader. It will be useful to collect some of these claims and subject them to the test of some criticism.

Labor, according to some, is the "sole producer of riches," i. e., of worldly goods. Adam Smith, the pioneer in the field of political economy, who scarcely refers to anything else but labor, goes so far as to declare that "labor is riches." Since industry is labor applied, his system has been styled the industrial system. Others draw the logical conclusion that "labor has therefore a right to the entire product" which it contributes to make. Not unlike this is the assertion that "labor is the measure of value"; hence it follows that where there is no labor there is no value, where there is one unit of labor, there is one unit of value, where there are two units of labor there are two units of value, and so on. Again, it is asserted that "labor is the measure of price," and, what comes to the same thing, that "price is the cost of production," since the cost of production is the cost of labor of production. Others perceiving that this principle does not apply where little or no labor has been expended, modify the expression and say that "price is the cost of reproduction." By this they mean that the price of an object is what it would cost if you were to make it, or the value of the effort you are spared.

These are really extraordinary claims to make in favor of labor, and there are few, we imagine, who are working for a living that ever realized how important is their drudgery. But these are not all nor the greatest of the claims. According to some "labor is the only title to capital." How do they prove this? "Capital," they assert, "is nothing else but accumulated labor." The worker produces the whole article, receiving in return a bare subsistence. All the rest is stolen by the capitalist. Again labor is a title to private ownership of property, for, it is argued, the fields which are improved or cultivated by labor are the fruit of labor, and every man has a right to the fruit of his labor. Nature, it is true, co-operates in the result, but she does so gratis, whereas the effort of man alone is onerous and alone confers value and riches. Consequently, labor alone has a title to the cultivated tract.

It would, we believe, be an excellent exercise for a student of dialectics, to expose the sophistry underlying these various assertions. It would open his eyes to the fallacies which, sad to say,

find acceptance with the unthinking multitude; it would put him on his guard against the errors of the day.

Let us very briefly review these claims. Labor, it is said, is the sole producer of riches. This is false. There are other producers of worldly goods: nature is one, capital is another. That nature is such is easily shown. A crop is produced principally by natural forces, the farmer tills the soil with his spade, and nature does the rest. A rivulet deposits in a "pocket" a heap of glittering nuggets, a "gusher" sends forth a copious stream of valuable oil; what has labor here to do with the production? That nature or natural forces are not labor is evident in itself, and is emphasized by the fact that natural forces are often competitors and destroyers of labor. In other cases labor and nature co-operate in varying degrees in production, nature supplying the material and labor contributing the artificial excellence.

Capital is also a producer of riches. Like the potatoes which are unsown for the new planting, capital is a portion of riches set aside to produce more riches. It is plain, therefore, that labor has no claim to the entire product.

Is "labor the measure of value"? If value be taken in the sense of power to be exchanged for something else, it follows from what has been said that labor alone does not give this power. I have, let us suppose, a painting by Raphael, for which I am offered a quarter of a million; what has labor to do with this value of exchange? Value in use is utility, or the quality of being a means to an end, of satisfying one's needs. The utility of things comes largely from nature. Neither is labor the measure of price which is a fluctuating standard and one which frequently exceeds the cost of labor, ten to one. To say that cost is the price of reproduction, is to make the standard of price a future possibility. The claims that capital is accumulated labor, and that labor is a title to private ownership are so patently absurd that it is hardly worth while to refute them.

New York.

H. A. JUDGE, S.J.

"Progressive" Religion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Conservative people still cling to the conviction that progress means going forward, advancement to successive higher stages, development towards something better and more worthy. Development and advancement come about both positively and negatively. Positively, if something is added, as when one comes upon a truth hitherto unnoted, but necessary or useful to enlarge and improve knowledge already possessed. Negatively, an opinion is abandoned after having been proved to be erroneous or useless. But the notion is growing, especially in certain religious circles, that progress, as Michelangelo said of sculpture, is "the art that works by force of taking away."

We have at hand, for example, the report of a sermon or talk by a well-known minister of a certain church which is prominent, at least by its geographical position. This preacher, according to newspaper reports, holds that "People are tired of a religion that depends on misty metaphysics." No doubt the people are. The wonder is that they ever took up with a religion of the sort. A Christian Scientist, perhaps, might be able to give some kind of a reason. A religion "dependent on misty metaphysics" need not concern us. The noteworthy point is the plain innuendo of the reverend gentleman that in matters of religion, as in all else, it is "the people" who are to be pleased; that they, and not Almighty God, are to be the arbiters of what should or should not be accepted as to the right way of ordering their lives.

In general, the preacher, doubtless to please "the people," would lop off "old dogma," for the reason that adherence to it somehow obfuscates "man's best faculty, reason, and his best knowledge, science." No objection seems to have been made

against taboos, fetichism and totemism, for he adds: "What was accomplished by these methods has been remarkable. They liberated not only human energy, but lifted men from their times." There, at last, you have something positive, something constructive. So lift up your totem poles in the churchyards, replace your magic charms in the sanctuaries, and proceed to liberate your energy, and so forth.

One finds it hard to characterize such nonsense. It is a sort of caries that affects the brain. Caries is a malady of the bony parts. One authority remarks that caries "attacks the cranium in common with the rest of the osseous system." It is merely stating a corollary to say that the greater the osseous depth of the cranium, the greater the field wherein the carious germs can operate.

New York.

F. J. McN.

History Repeats Itself

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with the Smith-Towner bill, it may be interesting to note (1) that Julian the Apostate was the first to enact school legislation; (2) that his pretext therefor was to secure public-spirited teaching, and (3) that Julian's school legislation was his most formidable weapon against Christianity. These facts are clearly set forth in the most recent and up-to-date "History of the Church" by Fernand Mourret, P.S.S. (*"Histoire Générale de l'Eglise,"* Vol. II, pp. 172-174), from which I condense a few pages:

The most formidable weapon wielded by Julian against Christianity was his school legislation. Until his time (A. D. 361-363), education had been free in the Roman Empire. "Amongst us," says Cicero (*De Republica*, IV, 3), "education is neither regulated by laws, nor public, nor uniform for all." The first Flavians and then the Antonines started some sort of public education by supporting certain professors at the expense of the State, but they refrained from interfering with the freedom of education. Several cities founded and endowed chairs of grammar, medicine and law. The State favored these organizations by exempting the professors from all public charges, such as taxes, tutorship, military service and billeting soldiers. Antioch, Alexandria, Caesarea in Palestine, Caesarea in Cappadocia, Constantinople, Rome, Autun, Treves, Bordeaux and Carthage had their great schools, in which Christians taught. St. Basil's father taught rhetoric at Caesarea in Cappadocia. Basil himself, Gregory of Nyssa, Gregory of Nazianzen and the two Apollinaries taught publicly. Two centuries before Constantine, at least one free school for higher education (*un établissement libre d'enseignement supérieur*), the school of Alexandria, was controlled by Christians. This school was founded by S. Pantenus and illustrated by Clement and Origen.

Constantine, after his conversion, did not seek to restrict free education among pagans, any more than the pagan emperors had sought to restrict the freedom of Christian masters. Pagans, such as Jamblicus and Libanius, to mention only these, taught freely under Constantine and Constantine.

By a law of June 17, 362, and by one or two edicts, Julian upset all this legislation. The law of June 17 permitted cities to appoint professors to the chairs founded within their walls only under imperial ratification. The edict declared that "whosoever enters the teaching profession shall henceforth be imbued only with doctrines in conformity with the 'public spirit.' To Julian's mind the 'public spirit' meant belief in pagan divinities and hatred of Christianity."

Julian's edicts were ruthlessly enforced. St. Chrysostom states that many Christian doctors and rhetors forfeited their chairs rather than give up their religion. Such were Victorinus in Rome and Prohaeresius in Athens.

The effect of Julian's school legislation would have been disastrous had it not practically lapsed with his death. "On no point," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "did Julian prove himself so hateful. Let every lover of eloquence share my just indignation."

Thus the school problem is very old indeed.

Quebec, Canada.

LAWRENCE DRUMMOND, LL.L.

A M E R I C A

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The Light of Easter Morn

“**I**F we suffer with Him, we shall also rise with Him.” That is the message of gladness, of reassurance to a suffering world, on the blessed Easter Morn. We are not as those who are without hope. We know in whom we have trusted, that His ear is open to the cry of the distressed, that He is mighty to save us. We are His children, children in exile, but the children of His heart, and His home will one day be ours. For we are Christ's, and Christ is of God, and is God.

Life is a puzzle for which there is no answer in the hearts of those who know not God and Jesus Christ Crucified. Light and shadow, but nights that are longer than days; laughter and tears, but the laughter bears about it a hint of sorrow, and the tears are bitter; toil, suffering, strife and effort, a moment of success and years of failure; a little love that in the end leaves the heart still longing, and love that can find no answering voice: and pain—that is life.

But not the life that Christ Jesus won for us when after His sacrifice upon the Cross, He rose triumphant, as He had foretold, from the garden-tomb. The little span that men call life, the span so brief and frail which stretches from the cradle to the grave, is only life's beginning. Now we are in a period of probation, dwellers in a city made by hands, a city that passes, but true citizens of the everlasting country into which we make our entry only through death's dark portal. Here we long for rest, but can never find it, and for the sating of a love that human hearts, frail tenants of a fleshly house, cannot sustain. What we now seek through love of God above all things, and through unselfish service of our fellows, which is truly love of them for the sake of Him who is the Father of all, we shall one day find in their perfection. Until our Easter dawns we can but bide the time, not in idleness nor in repining but in work; not in despair but in firm hope; in watching and in prayer and in service, until the night is gone, and the glorified Wounds of Christ Jesus who for our redemption was hanged upon the Tree, illumine the way for us into Paradise.

God Save Ireland!

ON the fourteenth day of March six Irishmen were hanged in Dublin, a pair every hour. England was beginning her policy of conciliation. A day that was nigh to the eve of the people's national festival was the occasion chosen by this almost preternaturally stupid and appallingly brutal Government. But Great Britain will never conquer this people. She may sate herself on the blood of a brave little nation which for seven centuries has fought for civil and religious liberty, against a nation that believes in neither, except, to a limited degree, for its own. But conquer England cannot. And why? The answer is to be found in the news account published by the New York *World*:

Before six in the morning, some 25,000 people of all classes, all ages, and both sexes, were kneeling in the muddy streets, reciting the rosary and the litany for the dying. The litany rose and fell like a death-chant on the still morning air. A grim-faced sentinel kept his rifle turned on the crowd.

That was England's contribution to the scene. Ireland gave the prayers and the suffering, “turning up scarred hands to a crucified Christ.”

On the prison-gate were little statues of the Blessed Virgin, with lighted candles which made a shrine of prayer. Thousands of candles flickered in the upraised hands of the kneeling people. Patiently the crowd waited and prayed. . . Suddenly there was a moan, and the widow Doyle collapsed, and was carried through the weeping crowd to a nearby hospital. She had left her sickbed to witness the last scene—

and, poor soul, had been kept kneeling in the muddy street—

and a baby, one of twins born just a fortnight ago, lay dead at home. It was buried after its father had perished on the scaffold.

Straining her tear-dimmed eyes through the dank fog to catch a glimpse of her husband on his march to death, a woman may faint, and be borne through the weeping crowd to the hospital. That is one of England's victories. But England cannot conquer this people. They know how to suffer and to pray. England can slay and she can butcher, she can murder aged priests and force young girls to a fate far worse than death, and she will continue to do these things. And after the carnage is over and the tears of the innocent have been registered with God, the Irish people will remain unmoved before the face of a tyrant gorged with cruelty and drunk with blood.

The Irish people wept and prayed in the muddy streets of Dublin as the butchery went on. It ill becomes us in this holy season of our Risen Saviour to do aught but imitate them. The personal note is out of place in this column. But for once it may be permitted to observe that through the veins of the man who writes this protest, and if he could would write it in letters of flame, courses not one drop of Irish blood, or any blood save the blood of which, in company with a host of Americans, he is beginning to feel ashamed: Anglo-Saxon blood.

The Caesaristic Smith-Towner Bill

TO cloak the obvious Caesarism of the Smith-Towner bill for the establishment of Federal control of the schools, a new argument is now advanced. The Secretary, it is claimed, could not possibly dictate to the local schools *because*

One of the first steps that a Secretary of Education would take would be to call a conference of the chief educational officers of the several States for the consideration of national educational policies. . . . Whatever plans this official proposed would be subject to correction, even rejection, by the conference.

The plain retort to this desperate defense is the simple fact that nowhere from section 1 to the end, does the Smith-Towner bill make any mention of "a conference of the chief educational officers of the several States." The Secretary might convene them, or he might not, just as he may have tea or coffee at four in the afternoon. No obligation whatever rests on him. And what protection to the States is a conference which the Secretary calls or not, as he chooses?

But even were the conference convened, it would have no authority whatever over the Secretary, or even over its own members. It might correct and it might reject, but its action would have no more coercive power over the Secretary than the advice or correction or rejection offered by the town marshal in Odobolt, Iowa. The conference would have no legal existence. Therefore it could have no legal power. If called, it would be a purely private gathering. Whatever it might do, the Secretary could disregard. Therefore the Secretary, as far as this or any other private meeting is concerned, would remain absolutely supreme.

The futility of the argument advanced by Messrs. Keith and Strayer indicates the futility of trying to show that under the Smith-Towner bill the proposed Secretary is inhibited from assuming the role of Federal dictator. The best defense that can be excogitated by these gentlemen is a paragraph relating to a conference which does not now exist, which may never exist, and which will have no power, even if at some future time it should chance to exist. The unexpected opposition to the Smith-Towner bill has intimidated some of its friends into a state which can be differentiated only with great difficulty from mental vacuity.

Is It Reform?

THROUGH its president, the National Association of Motion Picture Producers has promised to clean house. According to the press accounts, it has agreed to three proposals. First, the Association favors the formation of women's clubs to boycott theatres in which objectionable pictures are shown. Next, it agrees that the local police power to revoke theatre licenses should be increased. Third, it advocates the establishment of arbitration boards to decide disputed questions. These promises may not mean very much. Similar promises have been made before by producers, and at once violated. A Brooklyn investigator, Mr. Frederic Boyd

Stevenson, warns the public that they are only an indication that the devil has again assumed the habit of a monk. Frightened by the popular outcry against commercialized indecency, the trade is promising "to be good." When the clamor dies down, the old conditions will return, probably in a worse form.

Mr. Stevenson is right in warning the public not to overrate these promises of reform. Taking them at face value, they do not mean very much. Why, for instance, should the producers call upon the public to boycott offending houses, when they themselves can remedy the evil simply by refusing to market improper films? "You try to catch me, and I'll try to 'get away with it,'" is not an unfair criticism of the Association's plan of reform. Its fatal defect is that it does not embody a genuine, vigorous desire to clean house, but only a half-hearted invitation to the public to take on itself the task of cleaning such parts of the house as the trade may throw open.

As AMERICA has repeatedly urged, if the producers do not begin once to reform themselves, the public will undertake the work, and reform them out of existence. Real reform must include the following points: First, the expulsion from the Association of any producer who markets an improper film. Second, no sale of any film to an offending theatre. Third, the appointment of a capable lawyer in all the larger cities to aid in the prosecution of offending exhibitors. Other points could be easily added, but these are sufficient for a beginning. If the public puts no trust in promises, the trade by its toleration of commercialized vice has only itself to blame. Any policy short of a policy with plenty of "teeth" in it must fail to satisfy the millions of fathers and mothers who by degrees are awakening to the tremendous harm which can be effected by the moving-picture. Incidentally it may be remarked, that one of the most serious duties now confronting Catholic parents is the protection of their children from the many dangers to be apprehended not only from the screen, but also from the degraded creatures who are often found in the darkened interior of the moving-picture theatre.

Reading the "Great Books"

THE general observance, this March, of "Catholic Press Month" has aroused among the children of the Church such an enthusiastic and practical interest in our periodical literature that throughout the land the editors of Catholic weeklies and monthlies have already observed with joy, let us hope, the rapid lengthening of their subscription lists. If only one-third of those who formerly read no Catholic paper at all now subscribe for one, and if only half of those who took but one of the Church's periodicals now buy two, or even three, what a gratifying numerical increase there will be in the readers of Catholic papers and magazines. With the help of the money paid by a large accession of new subscribers, editors will now be enabled, no doubt, to effect such an improvement

in the readableness of our periodicals that eventually the entire Catholic press in this country will attain a standard of journalistic and literary excellence challenging that of the best secular publications.

But as even the finest periodical literature, after all, is of an ephemeral nature, a word should be said, before the Catholic Press Month is over, about the high importance of having many more Catholics learn to read with profit and enjoyment the world's great books, "those treasuries of golden thought in golden words, . . . the caskets that contain the attar of head and heart, and of everything that is most enriching and ennobling," as Mr. James F. Willis well observes in an excellent little book on "Bibliophily," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Continuing, he asks:

What can these great books called literature do for us? It is their mission to form the intellect and strengthen the soul-powers: De Quincey calls the former knowledge-literature, and the latter power-literature. The great books have always come from the heart: their authors have written them because they could not help it: little men so often write just to say something; big men never write until they have something to say: the big men write what Thoreau calls "the eternities"; the little men write what he calls "the times." A great book is always better to know than a great man, for it is always the best part of some great man. To know the great man is not always to have an access of soul-power through knowing him: Hawthorne says that it is not for the best interests of the world to know too intimately the lives of its great men; but to know great books is to acquire soul-enrichment from each intercourse with them, yet to escape the compensatory weaknesses of their authors' genius. The majority of us are from humble beginnings with an insufficiency of the breeding and the environment and the education that contribute to the amenities that entitle us to commingle with the living great men and women; hence, it is only through the great books that almost all of us can ever come to know great men and share their influence and life can never be complete without the influences of the best society. . . . The great books are fatal to low

standards, to self-complacency, to narrowness and dishonesty of every sort: they appeal to the best that is in us, and answer our demand for what is best: they give a voice to our indistinct thoughts and to the things we are yearning for: through them we catch the spirit of the holiest and the wisest men that have ever walked this earth: they call forth our deepest needs, inspire confidence in ourselves, and impel us to nourish our soul with truth and beauty and love: they reveal the charm of an noble and heroic life: they kindle a desire for the strength and the delights of the good and the wise, and strengthen our will to strive for goodness and wisdom.

In a real home a good library is almost as necessary as an attractive dining room, for the one does for the mind what the other does for the body. But there is reason to suspect that our Catholic young people are not much given nowadays to haunting the domestic library. Thoughtful observers have remarked that the unrestrained spirit of frivolity that is so alarming a characteristic of this after-the-war period of our history, can be largely corrected by filling our youths and maidens with a love for good reading. Reverence and seriousness are rapidly becoming obsolete virtues because boys and girls have not been taught to admire what they should. If the men and women of today whose pagan excesses in self-indulgence and display are such a grave scandal, had only learned early in life to appreciate properly a good book, to feel at ease in a great author's company, and to discern with pleasure what is really worthy of admiration in his writings, no doubt these people would now have natures too refined, minds too well stored with high thoughts and fair images, to find any pleasure in society or amusements that are a menace to faith or purity. So if one result of our Catholic Press Month is an increased practical appreciation of the world's great books on the part of American Catholics, both the Church and the country will be wonderfully benefited.

Literature

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON

WHEN that good athlete, Louis Bourdaloue, crowned with years and honors, was slowly retiring from the arena in which he had won so many victories, a younger champion had just entered the lists. Jean Baptiste Massillon had preached at the Court of Versailles for the first time in 1699. The Jesuit heard him, recognized and hailed a master. Bourdaloue had every reason to admire the young Oratorian. For Massillon is the Racine, the Euripides of the French pulpit. Bossuet had astounded his hearers by his sublimity, Bourdaloue had convinced them with the triumphant march of his implacable logic; their successor was to win their heart with his unction and pathos. His predecessors were so rich in thought, so substantial and solid in the texture of their ideas, that they could afford to neglect style. Weaker in ideas, Massillon had to pay more attention to the garb with which these were clothed. Matter with Bossuet and Bourdaloue was paramount, manner with Massillon usurped the first place. But there was something novel, original and alluring in the methods of this young priest from Provence, that land of the troubadour, from which he had brought the delicacy, the refinement, the sinuous persuasiveness of elocution and delivery, of speech and manner of the South.

Persuasiveness, pathos, unction are the characteristic gifts of the author of the "*Petit Carême*." He knows his own heart so well, he reads so accurately the hearts of his audience, his words are so gentle, so tender, even when he corrects or reprehends, he realizes so vividly the difficulties of his hearers, sympathizes so lovingly with their temptations, so generously forgets their falls and their weaknesses, so paternally points the way to a nobler life of virtue and purity, that he glides into their hearts and souls and wins them even before they well realize that the contest has begun. Strength is wanting, as a rule, although in one or two sermons, those on the "Prodigal Son," and "The Small Number of the Elect," the latter of which is not, however, free from rigorism, there is an echo of mightier voices. The scenes of agitation and dismay caused by the second sermon, on the two occasions on which it was preached, first at Court and then at St. Eustache in Paris, were extraordinary. Men and women rose in terror as Massillon in a biblically daring evocation summoned the Judge of the Living and the Dead to descend into the temple where he was preaching the terrors of the Judgment, and there make the division of the saved and the damned.

But it is seldom that Massillon has these terrifying accents. It would have been better for his reputation had his preaching

been more authoritative and virile. He glides into the soul, he does not sufficiently shake it out of its lethargy and indifference. The weapons he wields are not trenchant enough. He yields too much to the "persuasive words of human eloquence." He does not draw his arms from that full-stocked supernatural treasury or rather laboratory in which Bossuet and Bourdaloue forged their thunderbolts. Massillon is a psychologist of penetrating insight, a judicious moralist. He excels in the analysis of those ethical truths admitted by the vast majority of mankind, and not peculiar to any religion. After discussing these, he returns, no doubt to the Gospel. But he does not sufficiently insist on the positive teachings of Faith. Bossuet, in as far as was necessary in an age still clinging to the truths of religion, had vindicated the ways of Providence to men, Bourdaloue had built his moral preaching, always drawn from the Gospel, on a solid foundation of dogma. With Massillon, dogmatic teaching is considerably weakened. In a spirit of mistaken deference to the prejudices of an age already suffering from the skepticism and Deism soon to prevail under the dictatorship of Voltaire and Diderot, he remains too long on neutral grounds and does not cross over boldly into the enemy's territory to give him battle. In many of his sermons, those especially following his first Advent course, the theological and dogmatic exposition is weak, and scanty use is made of the mightiest weapon in the preacher's hands, the Word of God and its interpreters, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. We hear the accents, dignified and noble, it is true, of a beautiful philosophy, but a philosophy only. In the Catholic pulpit that is not enough. Something more than the echoes of Plato's golden phrase and the aphorisms of Seneca is needed to convert the sinner to purity and humility, justice and self-control. But if in Massillon there was a decided loss of power, he never condescended to any positive betrayal of his sacred trust, though undoubtedly his too natural philosophy and his weakened dogmatic teaching made him a favorite with Voltaire and his school. This accounts for the rather high place they have accorded him among the great French preachers of the seventeenth century. Massillon's theological and dogmatic shortcomings account for the contradictions we meet with in his eloquence. He is at the same time too sparing of his audience and too rigorous towards them, moving from rather cold ethical amplifications to harrowing pictures like those of the Dying Sinner and the appearance of the Supreme Judge amid the terrors of the Last Day.

Yet he is one of the "Mighty Three." He is an orator and not a mere rhetorician, or juggler with words. We never think of his two predecessors without thinking of the Bishop of Clermont. He is different from them, but he is in every way worthy to be associated with them. The age of Voltaire thought him their superior, but for reasons which the Bishop of Clermont, whose Faith was dearer to him than the orator's laurels he had so deservedly won, would not have welcomed. Our age places him lower. But since his death in the middle of the eighteenth century in the midst of a flock who loved him as Fénelon was loved, for his piety and goodness of heart, the echoes of his eloquence still linger, full of gentleness, persuasion and unction.

A single phrase is remembered of his Funeral Orations, the first words he pronounced over the mortal remains of the once powerful Louis XIV: "*Dieu seul est grand!* God alone is great!" The rest of the oration does not reach the level of this simple yet noble beginning. But at the end of the discourse when the orator thinks of the child five years old, sole remnant of the House of France, left to succeed the dead monarch, of the enemies of France leagued against her, of the rivalries at home unstillled by the presence even of death, of the dangers and pitfalls before them, a genuine emotion breaks out in his prayer to the Ruler of nations to protect the tottering monarchy, to give them at least the consolation of bewailing their disasters and sorrows undisturbed, to spread His protecting arms over the helpless child destined to guide a people's destinies, to teach that

child to be clement and just, and to be His God and His Father, so that he might learn to become the Father of his subjects. When three years later, he was called upon to preach before that Boy-King for whom he had then prayed, before a child only eight years old, the handsomest and most winsome child in Europe, destined, alas, in spite of many gifts, to become one of the most worthless kings that ever reigned, Massillon, then Bishop of Clermont, in the "*Petit Carême*," took his task seriously and endeavored to adapt himself to his principal and bewitching auditor, and at the same time to impress some salutary lessons on the dissipated and senseless courtiers that surrounded him. We admire Bossuet and Fénelon spending their magnificent talents in the difficult task of instructing the son and the grandson of Louis XIV. Massillon instructing from the pulpit the great-grandson of the "*Grand Monarque*" is a picture more touching perhaps. The Bishop of Meaux and the Archbishop of Cambrai had earnestly tried to train their two pupils for the "business" of kingship. Massillon attempted the same task. The "*Petit Carême*" might be entitled "Sermons for Rulers and Kings." There the orator points out the dangers in their way, shows them flattery besieging the throne, truth hidden from their eyes, tells them they have the power to lift up or corrupt a whole people by their example, paints the ruins wrought by their cruel wars, and describes the blessings and the prosperity a just ruler can bring to his people. Even though the child to whom these words were addressed, is known in history as Louis XV, and the Regent of France, in the king's minority, was the cynical and dissolute Philip of Orléans, the scene is one of the most pathetic in the annals of eloquence. Had Louis XV and his wretched companions remembered the words of the Bishop of Clermont, many dark and sin-stained pages would not have been written, many disasters might have been avoided, and the French people spared the tragedies of the age of Voltaire.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

BALLADE OF EASTER BELLS

The sun held up his monstrance, and the day,
Radiant in cramoisy and gold brocade,
Knelt at his feet, as I pursued my way
Through meadows riotous with spring's parade.
The buttercups to whispered measures swayed
And trilliums hid their heads in snowy scorn,
When high above each leafy colonnade
I heard the jocund bells of Easter morn.

Then sang the tragic yew a virelay,
And in the murmurous wildwood, silver-sprayed,
The lark poured out his rapturous dismay.
On banks where trooping cowslips sunward strayed
A sudden glory broke, until the shade
Was turned to light; and I, as one new-born
To life's dear Lord a tardy homage paid—
I heard the jocund bells of Easter morn.

Grim hemlocks swung obedient to the sway—
A lyric joy indwelt each starry blade,
And I, oblivious of the whilom grey,
Stood bathed in Paschal skies. On hill and glade
Joy reigned supreme, and I who had betrayed
The Lord of Joy, now put aside the worn
Raiment of gloom: in verdant youth arrayed,
I heard the jocund bells of Easter morn.

L'ENVOY

Prince, in the checkered fray of life's croisade
These two remain: the cross, the bloody thorn;
Yet will I face the shadows unafraid:
I heard the jocund bells of Easter morn.

EUGENE M. BECK, S.J.

REVIEWS

Steeplejack. By JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 Vols. \$7.50.

The recent death of the author, internationally famous as a critic and musician, gives additional interest to these volumes which are autobiographical. The pagan details of his funeral were a distressing incident to his intimate friends and brethren of the Faith from whose practices he strayed in his maturer years, but which he never denied. The Hunecker was among the earliest Catholic settlers in Philadelphia and his maternal grandfather, after whom he was named, was a splendid type of an old-fashioned Donegal Celt. "The acute sensitiveness," he tells us, "the instability of temperament, the alternations of timidity and rashness, the morbid exaltation and depression which were, and still are the stigma of my personal 'case,' as the psychiatrists put it, come from the Irish side of my house." In 1903 he went to interview the great Huysmans, usually a difficult task. "He was, however, amiable to me after I told him I was a Roman Catholic, but frowned when I said that I was not particularly pious. '*Mais, mon cher confrère,*' he groaned, '*vous êtes un imbécile. Quoi?*' No halfway epithet for him. I admitted my imbecility and shifted the subject." But unfortunately this admission had no more practical sequence, though every now and then throughout the story there seems to be a regret that it were not otherwise: "Madame Lefèvre was solicitous about the state of my soul," he writes of his life in Paris. "She had promised my mother to look after me, when if the truth be told my soul wasn't worth the powder to blow it to Halifax. I kicked over the traces and determined to 'live my own life,' as they say in Ibsen plays. And a nice mess I made of matters."

He came to New York from Philadelphia in the eighties and after some time spent as a teacher of music began to write on the press, musical, literary, and dramatic chronicles of the times, in which avocation, a "critic of the seven arts" he continued to the end. "Steeplejack" is made up of his views and reminiscences of the men and events in the intervening years as they came into the busy round of his work as a member of the staff of several of the leading metropolitan dailies. It is in the chatty, interesting style of the trained reporter developing his "good story." He was for fifteen years in the editorial corps of the *Sun*.

From time to time the author collected his essays and criticisms and made books of them, fourteen such volumes preceding the present publications. Of these, two, "Chopin, the Man and His Music" (1900), and "Franz Liszt" (1911), are regarded as standards in their special field. There was another "privately printed" book that certainly should have been suppressed. Mr. Hunecker might be called self-taught, for all the formal schooling, which he had, ceased in his teens and was received from an old-fashioned Irish classical schoolmaster, Edward Roth, who, before he started the "Broad Street Academy" in Philadelphia, had been a teacher in the once famous St. Mary's College of Wilmington, Del., which was started by Father Patrick Reilly in 1840. It lasted until 1868 and among its distinguished students were Archbishop Corrigan and Mgr. Henry A. Brann. "Steeplejack," however, does not mention these details. On the solid foundation laid by Professor Roth, Hunecker's literary bent developed an omnivorous zest for reading. The Rev. Dr. Kent Stone, he remembers, "saw a row of books on my table and shook his head. He had his misgivings when he noted the four volumes of Charles Baudelaire. . . the essays of Walter Pater, Matthew Arnold, the poems of Swinburne, Rossetti, of Poe and Gautier. Rabelais, Montaigne, Goethe, Aquinas, and Emerson had their place and Schopenhauer." Father Fidelis knew what it meant to have an untrained youth run wild amid such mental diversions and the subsequent spiritual shipwreck proved how well he sensed the need of a careful pilot.

T. F. M.

The Hare. By ERNEST OLDMEADOW. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

This novel belongs to the "and yet . . ." class. For every virtue, there is a balancing fault, "and yet" that criticism seems too severe. Let it be said at once then, that you will thank me for recommending this book; that it is bright and sparkling, and full of charm, except for the first one hundred pages which the reader must not allow to discourage him; that most of us will glean considerable information from its pages, and that all of us who believe that Almighty God loves His children will close it with a catch in our venerable throats and just the suspicion of moisture about our dimmed eyes. These days are so full of wretched colds!

Perhaps the book has no hero; certainly it has a heroine, the beautiful and vivacious Fraülein Rabe, innocent as a child, and as charming, although a Viennese actress, because she kept herself close to the Heart of Christ. Non-Catholics, I think, will find her a puzzle; at least those non-Catholics who associate sanctity with a long face, and who profess to believe that saints customarily go about offering their friends a choice between a hairshirt and a cat-o'-nine-tails. But Catholics who know the power of prayer and the union with God effected through the Sacraments, will easily understand how the heart can love with a deep, passionate, love, and in no wise be parted from God, but rather through this human love be brought nearer to Him who is the source and the rewarder of all worthy love. Thus God was in her heart when as she drew near the gates of death alone in the mountains, her thoughts turned to her earthly beloved; and because she loved as Christ would have His children love, she could keep him in her heart at the solemn moment, when, with the words "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my life," her soul went forth to God. Father Tobel, the simple, human-hearted, understanding priest, devoted to his little flock in the Tyrol, is a welcome addition to our rather meager gallery of priestly portraits. The scholarly Benedictine is little more than an outline; so too the Jesuits of Maria-Laach. Altogether, I think, "The Hare" is a notable book; a book which will entertain and, without preaching, edify; and a book you can give an educated non-Catholic who does not know that the heart of the Catholic religion is love of Jesus Christ Crucified, but labors under the strange delusion that it is incense and flowers and Gothic architecture.

P. L. B.

Essays on Poetry. By GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., M.A. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 5s.

Naturalism in English Poetry. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M. A., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

Here are two books which the teacher or student of literature will find very helpful. Father O'Neill, who is the Professor of English Language in University College, Dublin, in his opening article, called "Poetry and the Reverse," offers this definition: "Poetry is the language of passion and imagination expressing themselves under control of the laws of beauty." He then defends and explains it, quoting such high authorities as Sidney, Shelley and Hazlitt. He subsequently enlarges on "The Utterance of Poetry" and shows the difference between poets and versifiers. The second paper in the volume is a critique of Aubrey De Vere's poetry. Father O'Neill sees in his subject's Dublin Castle proclivities the reason De Vere could not interpret Nationalist Ireland faithfully but considers his "May Carols" "one of the greatest poems of the nineteenth century," though De Vere's Protestant critics, of course, would never admit that. The three other essays in Father O'Neill's book are on "William Allingham, Poet and Diarist," "Thomas Boyd" and "Gerard Hopkins." The last contains some fresh biographical data about the Jesuit poet and gives a just appraisal of his highly unconventional way of writing.

Most of the material in the Rev. Dr. Brooke's volume made up a series of lectures he delivered in University College, London, during the winter of 1902 and they are now printed from his notes. By "naturalism" the author means "the return of poetry to a natural [as opposed to an artificial] treatment, in unstudied song of our common human nature in all its developments over the known world." Dryden, Pope, Young, Thompson, Collins, Gray, Crabbe, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron are the poets Dr. Brooke studies for evidence of the rise and growth of this naturalism. As long as the author discusses poetical criticism he can be safely followed but whenever he obtrudes his rationalistic theological opinions, as in "Shelley's Interpretation of Christianity" and "Byron's 'Cain'" his opinions are worse than worthless.

W. D.

A Naval History of the War. By HENRY NEWBOLT; **A History of the Transport Service.** By ALBERT GLEAVES. New York: George H. Doran. \$6.00.

Our Air Force. By WILLIAM MITCHELL. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir Henry Newbolt has covered the history of the war as it was waged on sea. No action of any importance has been omitted and all the technical knowledge possessed by seamen has been brought to bear on the treatment of Great Britain's naval policy from the beginning to the end of the conflict. Every clash with the enemy is discussed with minute care. The book will be of special interest to naval officers. The general reader is left in no doubt as to British naval supremacy.

Vice-Admiral Gleaves' book is written in popular style and should appeal to the American reading public. Every detail of success and failure is faithfully chronicled and the surprising thing is that the loss of ships and men was so slight in the American transport service. The author in many instances gives the story of torpedoing in the words of surviving officers or men. Official photographs, diagrams and charts make the story of a notable American achievement all the more readable.

What Admiral Gleaves has done for the Transport service General Mitchell accomplishes for the Air service. But his book is much more than a history of the efforts of American airmen. It is a very careful treatise on aeronautics. In plain words the author shows the weakness of our present policy. Nor is the book by any means built on destructive criticism. It is General Mitchell's conviction that future national defense, predominance in commerce and economic development lie in the air. America is in a position to gain all these. In chapter after chapter the author points the way. Unless a real policy of disarmament is agreed upon by the Great Powers General Mitchell's warning should be heeded. And even with disarmament as a world policy a vast field is open to commercial aeronautics.

G. C. T.

Immigration and the Future. By FRANCES KELLOR. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This book contains a thorough treatment of the immigration question. The war has brought many changes, one of which has been the attitude of Europe toward nationals seeking a home in this country. Romance once brought the immigrant here but now he is driven to this land by economics. Representatives of foreign governments now protect their nationals in America. Racial solidarity has resulted and so has a dual economic system, one for immigrants which is operated by the foreign-born, and one for the Americanized, operated by citizens. The great problem of the future will be the integration of the two economic systems. America must try to amalgamate races while Europe is at present disposed to control emigration as an economic asset. The author finds that America has followed a constantly wavering policy on immigration, our attitude being represented by the varying inter-

ests of the different sections of the country. There must be a bigger and broader policy if the immigrant is to become a true American. The foreign-language press must come into line with American journalism and interpret America to the immigrant. American business must take a different attitude. And there must be above all an endeavor to understand and appreciate the finer racial qualities that even the humblest manual laborer has inherited, while he must be taught to appreciate the American's qualities. The book should be in the hands of all our lawmakers.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Houdini and Mills.—Mr. Houdini's "Miracle Mongers and Their Methods" (Dutton, \$3.00) which is further described as "a complete exposé of the *modus operandi* of fire-eaters, heat-resisters, poison-eaters, venomous-reptile-defiers, sword-swallowers, human ostriches, strong men, etc.," sketches the career of various departed or contemporary charlatans and entertainers and tells something about how they did their tricks, but the exposé can hardly be termed "complete." An interesting book, however.—To those who are fond of nature, "Waiting in the Wilderness" (Doubleday, Page) by Enos A. Mills will prove most entertaining. In seventeen short chapters the author passes in review fossils, ground-hogs, beavers, bears and other creatures of forest and plain, not excluding Indians. Boys and girls especially will be pleased with the volume and many adults who begin the book in an idle moment will read it to the end.

The "Catholic Mind."—The March 22 number of this little fortnightly opens with a translation of Pope Benedict's Encyclical on the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order of St. Francis. His Holiness calls back the world to the practise of the virtues that were conspicuous in the Catholics of the thirteenth century and bids us, like the Poverello of Assisi, promote peace, modesty, self-denial and contempt of the world. The second paper in the issue gives some "Religious Statistics in Ireland," prepared by P. J. Gannon, S.J. He produces alarming figures which show that the Irish Catholic population has dwindled more than fifty per cent in a century, apostasy, emigration, and a lower marriage-rate being the main causes of this falling off. Though the Church in other lands of course has gained, Ireland's Catholic population is steadily decreasing. "Support the Catholic Press!" is the title of a short appeal by Bishop Cowgill which concludes the number.

"Divorce."—Despite the flash of "Divorce" (Oxford University Press) the title does not celebrate a breaking of the marriage bond of Mr. Charles Williams' book of verses. On the contrary, Mr. Williams thrums his lyre very vigorously on his notions of marital bliss. Here is a department of life where many excellent poets have uttered high words to noble thoughts, as indeed they should, since marriage has been raised to the dignity of a Sacrament: and that may be observed in the poems of Crashaw, Patmore, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell and T. A. Daly. In the case of the author we could pass by his connubial lyrics and his songs which bear religious titles, if he had divorced himself from what appears to be an unseemly employment of hallowed imagery, of allusions made sacred by a connotation of tradition as well as by the ordinary meaning they have in theology, dogmatic or ascetic. St. Paul has his word upon the reverence that should accompany the utterance of arcana, and a Christian poet, if he cannot obey an Apostolic injunction, should measure up to a culture that was in pagan Athens. Poets may come near to sacred things, indeed may be intimate, as is Mr. Francis Carlin in poems like "Agnes Lawler"; but they must not look slant-eyed, as Mr. Williams seems to set his vision again and again. Sing of Buddha and of Mohammed, but do not link

them, as is done here in a poem called "Advent," with the glorious call that came to Nazareth. A critic may see that Mr. Williams is trying there to "work up to a climax," but if a poet starts at the foot of the wrong mountain, he can hardly attain the summit of the desired Parnassus.

Spring Novels.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' latest story is very "spooky." A girl named "Bubbles" has the knack of calling "From the Vasty Deep" (Doran, \$2.00) ghosts who actually come, and she thus makes it very uncomfortable for a Christmas house-party, particularly for Lionel Varick, her host. Granted the restless spirits, the story flows on artistically.—The living poet in A. P. Herbert's novel "The House by the River" (Knopf, \$2.00) strangles his maid early in the narrative and the rest of the book describes his merciless pursuit by the crime's nemesis. It is a cleverly conceived and powerfully executed "murder" story, with good characterizations.—Small, Maynard & Co., the Boston publishers, have seriously jeopardized their reputation for respectability by bringing out in this country a piece of British eroticism called "The Sheik." "Poisonously salacious in conception," the novel will only debase its readers.—"Prairie Flowers" (Putnam, \$1.90), another Western book by James B. Hendrix, is a poor story, poorly told and stuffed with dialect and bad grammar.—Roland Dorgeles' "Wooden Crosses" (Putnam, \$2.00) is a French war-story which was suppressed by the censor in 1916 but was awarded the *Fémina* literary prize on the book's appearance last spring. The story resembles in its realistic portrayal of modern war's horrors Barbusse's "Under Fire."—The average reader of Garet Garrett's "The Blue Wound" (Putnam, \$1.75) will first wonder what the book is all about and then how the author managed to get it published.—"The Intellectuals" (Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia) is a "friendly satire" by Mary Dixon Thayer, on the men and women of the circle Don Marquis's "Hermione" moves in. There are clever things in the volume but the wit is often obvious or forced.—When Arthur Train can write a really good detective tale, why does he disappoint his readers by publishing a stupid affair like "As It Was in the Beginning" (Macmillan, \$1.75), a "hands across-the-sea" love-story?

Useful Pamphlets.—The speeches made and the measures adopted at the National Catholic Congress held at Liverpool last August have been published as a booklet called "Catholic Forces" (Catholic Social Guild, Oxford, 1s. 6d.), which social workers will find of value.—"The Art of Making Altar Linens" (Sunday Visitor Press, Indiana, \$0.25) is a useful illustrated pamphlet which the "Order of St. Veronica" has prepared for sanctuary societies.—The following C. T. S. pamphlets can be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen street, Brooklyn: Francis Jerome's "And You Shall Find Rest for Your Souls," a guide-book to the Church; Father Thurston's reasons why the Church denounces "Freemasonry"; Cardinal Gasquet's four discourses on "England's Breach With Rome" which his Eminence delivered eight years ago in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York; Father Hall's exposition of the place of "Woman in the Catholic Church"; Lady Lovat's excellent account of "The Sisters of Charity Martyred at Arras in 1794"; a Holy Child nun's simple "Talks for the Little Ones"; Father Theodore Ratisbonne's "Answers to a Jewish Enquirer," which satisfactorily meet, in catechetical form, a prospective convert's difficulties; a new revised edition of "The Heavenly Road" (\$0.25), Miss Rosalie Marie Lévy's account of her progress from the Synagogue to the Church. In the appendix is an interesting list of converts from Judaism; "The Road to Damascus" is the story of a Protestant's journey to Catholicism; Allan Ross has written a "Little Book on Purgatory" and the editor of the *Sower* has gathered into a shilling booklet, which teachers will find useful, ten short papers he wrote on such subjects as

"Interest," "Purpose," "Motives," "True Discipline," etc. These pamphlets should be found in the vestibule book-rack but they need not be left there.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- D. Appleton & Co., New York:
Across Mongolian Plains, Adventures of a Naturalist in China's Great Northwest. By Roy Chapman Andrews. \$5.00.
Aux Bureaux de la Revue: 4 Boulevard des Italiens, Paris:
Les Lettres. 3 Série, Janvier, 1921. 3 fr.; Février, 1921. 3 fr.
Benziger Bros., New York:
Tressider's Sister. By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.50.
The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Edgar Allan Poe: How to Know Him. By C. Alphonso Smith; Ralph Waldo Emerson: How to Know Him. By Samuel McChord Crothers.
Catholic Truth Society, London:
Catholic Defensive and Progressive Organization. By Edward Eyre, K.C.S.G. 2 p.; The Ship That Was Simon's. Belief in the Church an Article of Faith. 2 p.; Our Separated Brethren, a Plea for Sympathy. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J., M.A. 2 p.
The Century Co., New York:
The Happy Foreigner. By Enid Bagnold. \$2.00; Creative Chemistry. By Edwin E. Slosson. \$3.00.
De Laisne & Carranza, 2 Duane St., New York:
Essay on the Reconstruction of Mexico. By Manuel Calero and Others.
George H. Doran Co., New York:
Blind Mice. By C. Kay Scott. \$2.00; Our Family Affairs, 1867-1896. By E. F. Benson. With Portraits. \$4.00; The Golden Goat. By Paul Arène. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. \$2.00; American Footprints in Paris. By Francois Boucher and Frances Wilson Huard. \$2.00; She Who Was Helena Cass. By Lawrence Rising. \$2.00.
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The McCartys in Early American History. By Michael J. O'Brien. \$2.50; They Went. By Norman Douglas. \$2.00.
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
Kings' Treasures of Literature: Under the Greenwood Tree. By Thomas Hardy; Stories from History, Henry III to Edward IV. Edited by Nannie Niemeyer; Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. Edited by E. F. Horsley, B.A.; Unto This Last. By John Ruskin. Edited by Susan Cunningham; The Song of Hiawatha. By H. W. Longfellow. Edited by Edith Kimpton, M.A.; Stories from LeMorte D'Arthur and the Mabinogion. Retold by Beatrice Clay; Shakespeare's Coriolanus. Edited by George Green, M.A.; The Story of a Short Life and Jack-anapes. By Mrs. J. H. Ewing; Selections from Wordsworth. Edited by D. C. Somervell, M.A.; The Wreck of the Golden Mary and Other Stories. By Charles Dickens. \$0.70 each; Pilgrim Papers. By Robert Keable. \$2.00; The Book of Children's Games. One Hundred Games for Use in Schools and Play-Centers. By Constance Wakeford Long, L.L.A. \$1.25; A Theory of the Mechanism of Survival, the Fourth Dimension and its Applications. By W. Whately Smith. \$2.50.
The Four Seas Co., Boston:
The Sympathy of the People. By John Pratt Whitman.
M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin:
Domicile and Quasi-Domicile, an Historical and Practical Study in Canon Law. By Rev. Neil Farren, B.A. 8s, 6d.
Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York:
The Brimming Cup. By Dorothy Canfield.
Henry Holt & Co., New York:
Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. \$2.50.
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:
Bibliophily or Booklove. By James F. Willis. \$1.00; French Civilization from Its Origin to the Close of the Middle Ages. By Albert Leon Guérard. \$5.00; Seven Ages of Childhood. By Ella Lyman Cabot. \$2.75; The Peace Negotiations, a Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. \$3.00; Sister Sue. By Eleanor H. Porter. \$2.00; Mary Stuart, a Play. By John Drinkwater. \$1.25.
Irish Diplomatic Mission, 1045 Munsey Bldg., Washington, D. C.:
Ireland's Request to the Government of the United States of America for Recognition as a Sovereign Independent State. \$0.50.
Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
Growth of the Soil. Translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun by W. W. Worster. Two Vols.
John Lane Co., New York:
The Mountebank. By William J. Locke. \$2.00.
P. Lethielleux, Editeur, 10 Rue Cassette, Paris:
La Philosophie Moderne Depuis Bacon Jusqu'à Leibnitz. Etudes Historiques. Par Gaston Sortais, S.J. 20 fr.
Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's "City of God." By John Neville Figgis. Litt.D. \$2.50; Early History of Singing. By W. J. Henderson. \$1.50.
The Macmillan Co., New York:
Breakers and Granite. By John Gould Fletcher. \$1.75.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Radiant Motherhood, a Book for Those Who are Creating the Future. By Marie Carmichael Stopes, D.Sc. \$2.50; Peggy Stewart, Navy Girl, at School. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. \$1.75; The Cambridge History of American Literature. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, M.A., L.L.D. and Others. Vols. III & IV. \$10.00; Mind and Work, the Psychological Factors in Industry and Commerce. By Charles S. Myers, M.A., M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations and Figures in the Text.
Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston:
Cuentos y Lecturas en Castellano. By Maria Solano.
Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:
The Divine Adventure. A Novel. By Theodore Maynard. \$2.00.
Pierre Tequi, Libraire-Editeur, 82 Rue Bonaparte, Paris:
Vie de la Mère Marie-Madeleine Ponnet Ire Supérieure de la Visitation de Lyon-Vassieux, D.S.B. 6 fr.; Journal d'un Converti, Traduit du Hollandais par l'Auteur, Pierre van der Meer de Walcheren. Introduction par Léon Bloy. 5 fr.; Les Reconstitutions Nécessaires. Par Mgr. Gibier Evêque de Versailles. 6 fr.; Le Mystère de l'Eglise. Par R. P. Humbert Clerissac, O.P. Préface de Jacques Maritain. 6 fr.
The C. Wilderman Co., New York:
Children of God, a Summary of Catholic Doctrine for Busy People. By Mark Moeslein, C.P. \$0.50.
Yonkers Book Co., Yonkers, N. Y.:
Socialism and the New Theology. By Rev. George W. McPherson. \$0.25.

SOCIOLOGY

Fighting Socialism in Spain

IN a former article the alarming proportions that Socialism is taking here in Spain were sketched. It is our present purpose to indicate the means that are being taken to counteract its baneful influence. We are all familiar with the story of the man who locked his barn-door after his horse had been stolen. Much the same thing has taken place in Spain. Then along came Socialism, and finding a firm footing in the industrial centers by reason of the lack of organization, lack of social work among the masses and the widespread illiteracy, made itself complete master almost of the industrial situation. And there was no one to gainsay its right.

But at that time, about thirteen years ago, there was a young Jesuit scholastic, Sisinio Nevares, studying his theology at Oña in the Province of Burgos. He became interested in social questions, studied the subject, read what was being done in Germany and other countries; and, though nothing in that line was as yet attempted in Spain, he conceived the idea of starting something similar. Without experience or guidance, for there was none to teach him, he and a companion used to go out on vacation days into the anything-but-spotless little towns of a few hundred souls that dot the valleys and hillsides of the vicinity of Oña, and endeavored to put into execution some of the ideas which they had gathered from their reading and conversations. Judging from the appearance of these same towns today, and they have not changed I do not say in years but in centuries, his success was similar to that of Lieutenant Peary the first of the many times he started for the North Pole. Peary did not get where he aimed to get; neither did the Jesuit. But like Peary he learned a lesson.

A PIONEER

ORDAINED priest, Father Nevares was sent to teach in Bilbao, the commercial city of the north of Spain. Naturally he brought his ideas with him; and in the summer vacations carried those ideas into the small towns of the vicinity. After a few years he noticed that success was beginning to mark his efforts. Experience, the best of all masters, was inculcating a great deal of practical knowledge. His superiors seeing his ambition, his qualities and his incipient successes wisely decided to dedicate Father Nevares entirely to social works. Accordingly he was taken out of college work, and instead of being able to devote only his vacations to social efforts, was now at liberty to give his whole time to the work to which he was so passionately devoted.

With the enthusiasm born of a great ideal, and with the eminent practicality that has ever characterized him, for eleven years has Father Nevares worked in this field with results so gratifying as to surpass anything he had ever imagined. The battle is not won; by no means. Socialism still runs rampant; the great majority of industrial workers are still Socialists. But Catholic labor unions, or *sindicatos Catholicos*, as they are called, have been formed and are still being formed among the miners, stone-masons, bakers, railroad-men, printers and other crafts; classes of social work have been established; employers are being instructed in the proper treatment of their workmen; *Casas Sociales* with recreation rooms, co-operative stores, theaters have been established in a few cities; and last but by no means least, practically the entire rural population, and it is the most numerous and most important, since Spain is essentially an agricultural people, has been formed into an association called *El Sindicato Agrícola*. With regard to the Agrarian Federation, let me remark that Father Nevares was certainly its prime mover and the guiding star, though he found a worthy supporter in Señor Antonio Monedero, whom he inspired with some of his own zeal and spirit. Established but ten years, it has enrolled as associates the almost unbelievable number of 600,000

families, representing some two or three million souls. These are formed into a nation-wide union of 6,000 *Sindicatos* or local branches with divisions in each Province, while individual towns are subject to the Province. It is truly democratic in organization; the workmen or farmers of each town elect their representative; the representatives of the towns elect the chief of each Province; and the last named elect the general director of the Confederation.

Each federation or local branch takes care of the temporal welfare of the associates and has a co-operative store for all the needs of the farmers. These stores are so conducted that besides selling goods to the associates at a much lower price than is possible elsewhere, they also pay the expenses of the confederation, and at the end of the year pay dividends to each associate in proportion to the amount of goods he bought from the store. In addition, there is the rural bank, or *caja rural*, which lends money to the associates at a low rate of interest to tide them over a bad season.

THE AGRARIAN FEDERATION

TO understand the condition of the farmers in Spain, one must not conjure up the picture of our American farms and farmers with their large tracts of land, their modern instruments of agriculture, their automobiles. A so-called farmer here often owns no more land than would form a self-respecting back yard in American towns into which apartment-houses have not yet been introduced. Yet he often scratches an existence out of a miserable acre or two of land, though how he does it is the eighth wonder of the world to me. Formerly such husbandmen could not oftentimes procure a loan for less than twenty, thirty and at times, unbelievable as it may appear, even fifty per cent interest. Of course such usury was against the law, but was practised extensively. Now the Agrarian Federation comes to his assistance. Besides, there is the fund laid aside from the monthly dues, which never exceed a peseta or twenty cents, to look out for the workman in time of sickness, unemployment, or for burial. The *Sindicato* interests itself, too, in all disputes between workmen and employers.

There is to be founded shortly, I am told, a Catholic International Federation of Farmers from all the countries of Europe. The first assembly will be held in Madrid, and the organization is to be founded upon the idea of the Confederation already so successfully at work in Spain. The Federation is under the patronage of His Holiness, Benedict XV.

The organization of other unions, or *sindicatos*, of workmen of various trades is similar to that of the Agrarian Federation; the local federation in the town is under the immediate control of that of the Province, which in turn is under the National Confederation of Bakers, Miners, Railroadmen, or whatever it may be.

RAILROADS AND MINERS

LET us now glance for a moment at the Railroad Union, *El Sindicato Católico de los Ferrovios Españoles*. Founded in Valladolid ten years ago where its national headquarters now are, with a membership of but fourteen, and at a time when a similar organization of the Socialists numbered 20,000, it has since grown to such proportions that it now counts some 6,000 or 7,000 associates. Its worth was exhibited in the general railroad strikes of 1916 and 1917, at which time its then 4,000 members, not being convinced of the reason and justice of the strike, refused to strike, claiming they had a right to work were they so minded. And work they did. These 4,000 Catholic men in spite of threats to themselves and their families by working night and day kept the railroads of Spain moving, and on time (as far as that is possible in Europe), thus saving the country no end of trouble, and according to some even averting what threatened to be a revolution.

In a similar way have been organized unions of miners in

the coal, iron and zinc mines. Each brotherhood is a nationwide organization, as we have seen, subdivided according to Provinces, and the Provinces into districts. Each member pays a small monthly fee, never more than a peseta, and this entitles him to aid in time of lawful strike, sickness or old age. In various centers there have been established co-operative stores and schools for the children of the associates whose instruction is in the hands of the various Orders or Congregations of religious men and women. This part of the work is yet in its infancy, though we have pointed out before to what extent it has been carried on in the coal-mining districts of that model Catholic gentleman and philanthropist, the Marquis of Comillas.

True it is that in the large industrial centers of Barcelona, Bilbao, etc., the vast majority of the workmen have not as yet been won over; they are still mostly of Socialist tendencies, but an excellent beginning has been made. Father Nevares has blazed the trail and laid the foundations; it remains for others to help him widen the road and erect the structure. And to accomplish this Father Nevares has established in Valladolid a school to train social workers, and he is now interesting the seminaries in the work. For the future maintenance and extension of the work is to a great extent in the hands of the clergy. It is not Father Nevares' idea that the clergy should interest themselves directly in the purely economic part but that each section should have the parish priest act in the capacity of counselor and guide. The priest's work is to advise, give the proper orientation, forestall and answer difficulties against religion which the men naturally encounter while in contact with fellow-workers of a Socialist bent of mind. This latter is more surely the duty of the priest who has been assigned to look after the local brotherhood, because many on joining *El Sindicato Catolico* have not for some years previous darkened the doorway of the Church; and already in thousands of instances *El Sindicato Catolico* has been the cause of their return to the Church of their fathers and to the practise of their religious duties.

A GREAT ORGANIZER

CERTAINLY the battle is not won yet; there is still a long fight ahead; nor is the outcome by any means certain for the cause of the Church. But, thanks to Father Nevares, a start has been made along the right road, and with God's help and proper support much good will be accomplished.

However one cannot but reflect how much good can be done by one man entirely imbued with an ideal, who has the patience and constancy in spite of difficulties to stay with what he has begun, and who has the practical good sense to put it into execution. Such was and still is Father Nevares. Undoubtedly the great majority of people in Spain, who have seen the Confederations of Catholic Farmers, Railroadmen, Miners, etc., spring up almost overnight and grow up under their eyes during the past ten years, have never heard the name of Father Nevares mentioned in connection with it all. He is an organizer above all else. He maps out for himself a district to be covered; and then he goes on foot from town to town explaining his mission, advertising his cause, answering difficulties, forming his association. He gets his Agrarian Federation started, or whatever it is he has in hand at the time, and off he goes to the next town; and when in a few years the institution is flourishing with its rural bank, its co-operative, its system of aids and all that, why the majority have long since forgotten that one Father Nevares had anything to do with it. By the time they realize how grand an institution they really have, many day-marches, as Xenophon would say, have separated Father Nevares from that particular scene of action. He is off in another part of Spain doing the same thing over again. But the future chronicler of social work in Spain will undoubtedly give the first place to Father Sisinio Nevares.

EDWARD J. WHELAN.

EDUCATION

Why the Parish School?

WITH increasing frequency we hear the question asked, "What is the mission of the parish school?" While this question is often prompted by ignorance or hostility, yet very many sincere and intelligent Americans cannot understand why Catholics tax themselves doubly for the support of the public and parish school systems.

The Church from her very beginning has been the teacher of mankind in the doctrines of Christianity. The education given by Rome and Greece was pagan. The Church had to Christianize this pagan education because it was dangerous to the faith and morals of the Christians of that day. To do this the Church established catechetical schools for the instruction of the converts to Christianity. Out of the catechetical schools arose the monastic, cathedral, chantry, gild and parish schools, in which religious and secular education were combined. Thus, the parish school of today is not, as some would have us believe, a modern institution. Under various names, it dates back to the very first days of the Church, and, prompted by the same motives, inculcates the same spirit which makes the record of the Church shine out so brightly through all the ages.

COMPLETE LIVING

THE mission of the parish school is to educate the whole man, mentally and morally. Any system of education which neglects to develop the moral side of man is a failure. Aristotle, pagan though he was, clearly recognized this. "If arguments and theories," he says, "were able by themselves to make a people good, they would be entitled to receive high and great rewards." Herbert Spencer, whom no one will accuse of holding a brief for the Catholic Church says: "Education is a preparation for complete living." The mission of the parish school is to prepare man for complete living, by making him a perfect citizen, physically, mentally and morally, and by developing his faculties so that he may attain his end both here and hereafter.

The mission of the parish school is to develop character. Bishop Spaulding has said:

The end of education is the formation of character; character rests on the basis of morality; and morality, if it have life and vigor, is interfused with religion. True religion is inseparable from morality, and morality from right life, and therefore from right education. Hence religion, morality, and education are a trinity.

Pedagogists of whatever school of thought agree that the supreme end of education is the formation of character. A man without character, however intellectual he may be, is a dangerous agent to society. Emerson has well said: "Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong." He could have said with equal force: "Men of character are the conscience of the nation." For if the nation lose its conscience, it will, like the individual, sink into moral degeneracy and collapse. Therefore if we are to avoid the fate so plainly recorded in history, that befell other democracies, and if we are to make the foundation of our social organization secure, we must in our education blend the temporal and spiritual interests of man. He must be given a knowledge of God and His laws. He must learn to know the things that are God's as well as the things that are Caesar's.

CHARACTER FORMATION

THE mission of the parish school in developing character is to lead men to a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-denial; to temper justice with charity; to create an ideal; an admiration for things beautiful; a respect for authority; a love for the natural and supernatural virtues.

The mission of the parish school today is, then, simply that of the Christian schools since the beginning of Christianity,

namely, the development of the whole man, mentally and morally; the subjection of the will, the great power that dominates man, to reason; the formation of character. Education as given in the parish school enables the child to become master of himself; to select in life that which is good and put aside that which is evil. Now, in the accomplishment of this, the underlying principle of our education must be religion. A belief that God exists and that He is a rewarder of our actions is absolutely necessary. Else there can be no preparation for complete living.

In this discussion we must not lose sight of the fact that education as it is given today in the public school is not only out of harmony with the ideas of education throughout the ages, but also entirely foreign to the ideas of education held by the founders and builders of America. The school everywhere in America arose as the child of the Church. Until the early forties, the churches dictated the teaching in the schools. Religious instruction held a prominent and honored place, because Protestants insisted upon the necessity of the Bible as a means of personal salvation. Be it remembered, too, that on the basis of priority the parish school has first claim on Americans.

OPPOSITION TO THE SYSTEM

THAT there is opposition to the parish school is not surprising. In every age the Church in her teaching office and other activities, has met with opposition. The ages in which she was least opposed, as her enemies admit, show the best fruits of civilization. Now, this is an age of irreligion and secularization; an age when religion is looked upon with suspicion and hostility; an age in which refined paganism is making great headway. Naturally its votaries chafe under the restraints Christianity places on them. The parish school is a great bulwark against the forces of irreligion and their anti-Christian practices. That is why they attack it.

The movement against the parish school today is a disguised movement to destroy *all* religion. Unfortunately this movement is aided by a large number of Protestants who are blinded through bigotry to the real motives back of it, yet they cannot be ignorant of the disastrous effect of secular education upon Protestantism. Where is that veneration for the Bible that former generations held? The time was, not so long ago either, when Protestants held firmly to some form of religious doctrine, and when absence from Sunday service provoked criticism. A little over half a century of secular education has produced a generation which boasts of its liberalism, and prides itself in the fact that it holds membership in no church. Dogma has given way to humanitarianism and the empty pew is much in evidence in the churches.

Von Humboldt very wisely analyzed the present-day movement for secular education when he said: "What we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation must first be introduced into its schools." By destroying the parish school and placing all education in the hands of the State which cannot teach religion, the materialists see the last barrier removed in their onward march toward complete secularization of State, destruction of religion, and the inoculating of future generations with their false economic and moral principles.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the influence of the school where minds and hearts are molded into enduring form. The parish school not only develops the whole man but molds a religious people. Our enemies term them "feeders for the Church." Protestants who have the best interests of America at heart should take particular note of this phase of the parish school, the fostering of a religious spirit, because the perpetuation of our free Government rests upon a religious people. Ambassador Bryce says: "History . . . tells us that hitherto civilized society has rested on religion, and that free government has prospered best among religious people." Religion is the foundation upon which the social edifice rests. Disturb the foundation, and down will come the whole structure of human

society; belief in God's sovereignty, in our duty to our neighbor, in conjugal fidelity, in faithful observance of the oath of public office; in a word, the natural and supernatural virtues die.

THE BULWARK OF FREEDOM

CHRISTIAN education is the one essential factor in the life of our Republic. As our Government derives its power from the people who enjoy universal suffrage, its life depends on a virtuous citizenship. Hence it is imperative that religion and morality be made a part of our educational system, else we will ultimately destroy through legislation our whole moral fabric, the foundation of the Government. This is no idle fancy. Listen to the Father of our country in his Farewell Address:

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. . . . It is a popular government. This rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Washington plainly saw that if the secularists should ever succeed in their designs of secularizing the State, America would not endure as a free nation. And may we not truthfully ask, has not the decay of which Washington wrote already set in?

Our enemies, in striking at the parish school, seek to remove the greatest bulwark of the nation. Their acts brand them enemies of America as well as enemies of the Church. Many of our foremost educators, ministers, and statesmen now see the real danger. They are becoming acquainted with the motive behind the attempt to secularize all education, for they are beginning to perceive its evil results. A movement is growing among them, which Catholics welcome, toward the old-fashioned educational system as known in this country until modern times, which produced men whose genuine scholarship is beyond question, the like of whom are seldom produced today.

We hope that all Protestants and Catholics and lovers of America will not only welcome but aid in bringing back the old-fashioned system of education in which the law of God will receive the same respect and attention as profane subjects and through which the child will be developed, physically, mentally and religiously.

JOHN MCGUINNESS.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Catholic Campaign for Better Movies

THE National Catholic Welfare Council has now definitely begun its campaign for better motion-pictures. Its program, is expressed in these nine brief clauses:

- (1) Stands uncompromisingly for decency on the screen and on the stage.
- (2) Insists that motion-pictures shall be decent not only on Sunday, but on the six other days of the week as well.
- (3) Urges cooperation with local exhibitors and local police authorities in bringing about the exhibition of clean films.
- (4) Will scrutinize the motion-picture exhibitions in Catholic parishes throughout the United States.
- (5) Will maintain its own *Bureau of review, criticism and information* for the purpose of effecting concerted action for motion-picture betterment on the part of Catholic organizations.
- (6) Has no sympathy with "Blue Law" agitators.
- (7) Does not advocate the abolition of Sunday "movies."
- (8) Will work constructively for the further advancement of the screen and will cooperate with the industry in all sincere efforts for its improvement.
- (9) Will advocate legalized censorship only in the event that the producers, distributors and exhibitors fail to make good in their announced housecleaning campaign.

Catholics throughout the country are called upon to cooperate with this campaign which holds the possibilities of untold good, not merely for the Church but for the entire nation.

League of Nations a Jesuit Plot

THE citizens of a little town in Alabama publish a lecture by G. S. Anderson, one third of which is taken up with the virtues of the Jesuits, although its subject is the League of Nations. We can there learn wonderful things about ourselves. A main reason for the rejection of the League, the orator informs us, is that "it is dominated by the Jesuits."

Jesuits are now to the forefront in every political and religious issue of the civilized world, yet strictly under cover. They are the ubiquitous under-current of human affairs in the whole earth. As such they come into the League of Nations as a vitalizing factor and administrative genius. They either hold the offices or control their appointment. The constituent membership of the League is largely Romanish and likewise controlled by them. The world government of nations will be dominantly Jesuit.

So the illustrious orator continues, becoming more absurd the longer he speaks, until he ends with the "Jesuit axe" laid to the root of the American tree. The Jesuit army of the Knights of Columbus, we are told, now numbers 700,000 men, fully trained in military tactics. "By 1921, they will number more than 1,000,000 men, Jesuit soldiers, ready for immediate action, strategically distributed from sea to sea, in all the States and large cities of America." This piffle is not merely listened to patiently in darkest America, but printed and sold, eight pages for ten cents.

Growth of Catholic Church in United States

THE latest Catholic statistics just published in the new Official Catholic Directory for 1921, issued by Kenedy & Sons, New York, show that there are now 28,122,859 members of the Church under the American Flag. Of this number 17,855,646 are in the United States proper. The total gain has been 300,000; including an increase of 150,093 for the United States themselves. There has furthermore been an increase of 600 priests, making the total 21,643. No fewer than 182 new parishes were established and 399 new churches were erected, an average of more than one a day. Four colleges for boys and ten academies for girls were moreover added to our educational institutions. It is worth noting, also, that there are now 6,048 free parish schools in the United States, with an average attendance of 1,771,418. The number of adult converts was 39,000, in so far as returns were made upon this question. Our growth, if not startling, is at least steady.

What Judge Gary Promised

THERE is an impression, based upon Judge Elbert H. Gary's recent statements, that the twelve-hour shift has already been abolished by the United States Steel Corporation. Such is not the case. What has been promised by Judge Gary is the elimination of the seven-day week and the "long turn." The latter implied twenty-four hours of continuous work once every two weeks, when the shifts were changed. Thus a steel laborer who had been working eleven hours a day for a week on the day shift would go to work on Sunday morning at seven, work all Sunday (day shift), work all Sunday night (night shift), until he had completed twenty-four hours of continuous labor by Monday morning at seven o'clock. He would then have eleven hours free until six o'clock Monday evening, when he would begin his night shift, to work thirteen hours each night for the rest of that week. It is therefore the "long turn" of twenty-four continuous hours which is to be eliminated when

the report of the committee will be handed in. No conclusion has been arrived at relative to the twelve-hour day. The latter, we sincerely trust, will be forever abolished when the committee consisting of Presidents of subsidiary companies, announces its final decision. As experts have made sufficiently clear, there will be no need of screwing up costs to the consumer or of reducing wages far beneath the present fall of prices should the eight-hour day be introduced. This, according to the reckoning of S. Adele Shaw in the *Survey*, can be done with an additional burden of not \$80,000,000, as had been estimated, but of \$20,000,000 in yearly wages—an item large in itself, but small enough "for a company whose accumulated undivided surplus in 1919 was nearly \$500,000,000." Let us hope then that the counsel of the Christian stockholders within the Corporation will prevail. May their hands be strengthened! We wish them well. Not profits, but the principles of Christianity, the supreme consideration of the common good above all selfish interests, must weigh most heavily in the balance. Will the United States Steel Corporation rise to its great opportunity? May we hope, in fine, that Sunday labor, too, will be eliminated to the utmost extent possible within the great steel industry.

More American Complaints Against American Red Cross in France

EXTRACTS sent us from the latest Paris editions of the New York *Herald* indicate anew the annoyance experienced in France at the employment of English subjects in the American Red Cross. Competent Americans, the letters to the editor explain, are left without employment or are discharged while British employes are retained. It is not animosity against the British that dictates these communications from American citizens, but wonder why Britons should be favored before Americans in strictly American institutions. Yet in spite of all these protests, says a writer signing himself G. Grant, no effective steps have been taken:

We still see that the man who sends Americans to the United States is English, that the man who puts bad boys in prison is English, that the man who is aide-de-camp to the director of personnel is English, that the pharmacist is English, and that the chief is English. How long is this to continue?

Amazed at the information that Englishmen are occupying these positions, while numerous competent Americans are eager to fill them in the spirit and with the sentiments inspiring those who contributed to the American Red Cross, "An American from Los Angeles" adds in a further communication to the *Herald*: "There is far too much of this same work going on of which the American people are ignorant. The last year some of the truth has reached them, and this accounts for their small contributions." Still another American correspondent, an ex-service man, offers the startling information that not merely the Red Cross but other supposedly American movements are largely in the hands of a British personnel. Referring to a previous letter, "Britons in the A. R. C.," he thus gives his own experience as a former American service-man still resident in Paris:

Certainly there are many of our own men over here right now who remain without anything to do and it is surely a trifle galling to face the bare facts as they are stated in the letter referred to. The writer—recently released from service over here—on applying at the information office of what is supposed to be the one great link of American business interests in Paris, if not in France, met with this same condition and went away wondering why, oh why, such has to be. Was there any satisfaction? Not a bit, and the little information that was given out was given in such a manner as made the writer almost apologize for having intruded.

Great thanks, he concludes, are due to the editor of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* for publishing this important correspondence. It is high time that the American public be made fully acquainted with all the facts of this situation.